

THE GRAPHIC

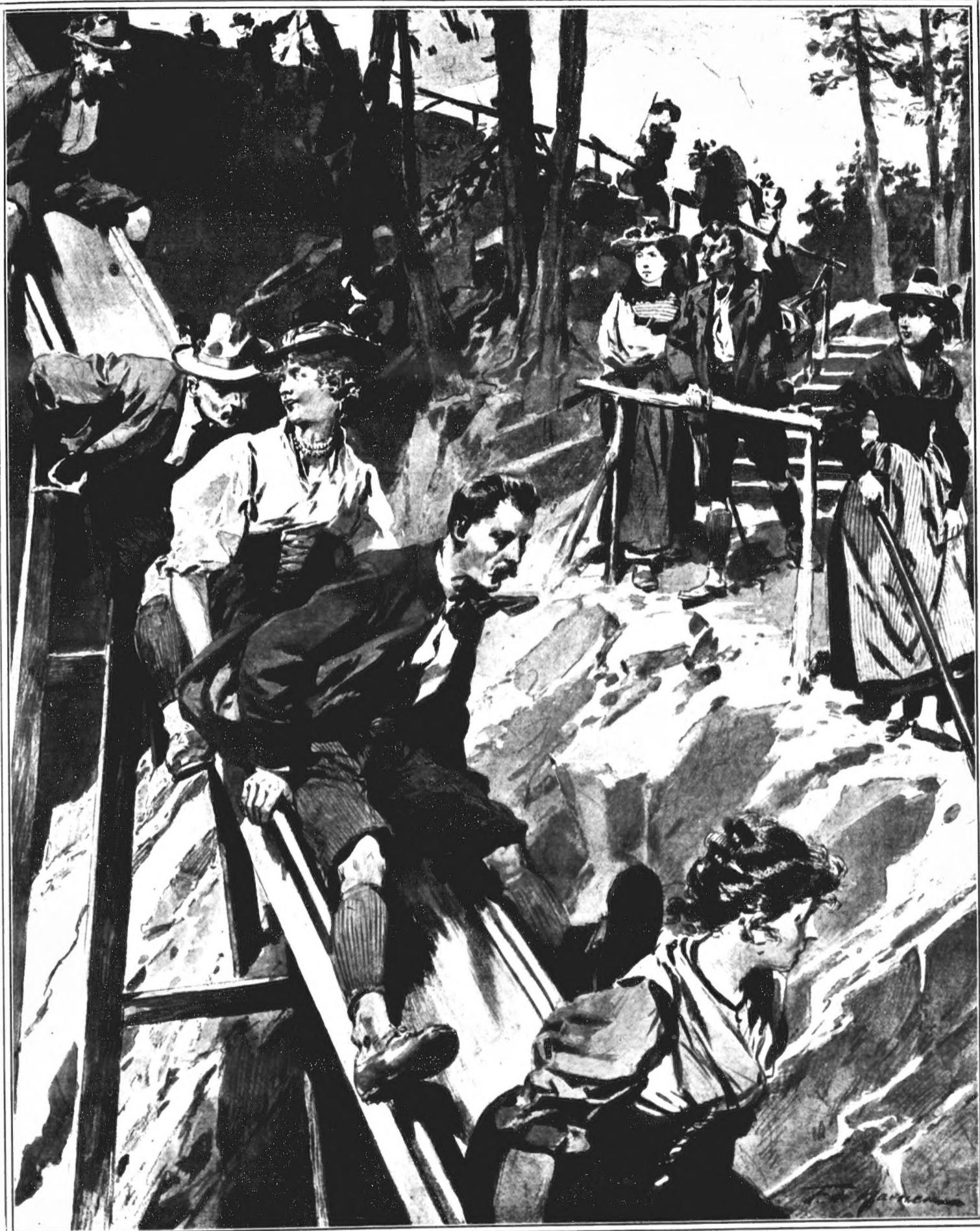
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"Cordelia"

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DRAWN BY F. DE HAEN

The German-Austrian Alpine Club now numbers over 20,000 members, and has branches all over Austria and Germany. It builds and maintains some thousands of shelter huts in the Alps, and keeps and improves the mountain paths. In the winter the club holds a great costume festival in Kroll's Theatre, Berlin. All who take part in it are in mountaineering costume. On the stage a mountain

shoot consists of a highly polished board set up at such a steep inclination that the men and women who sit down and slide down it travel like lightning to the bottom, where they are caught by their friends. Every now and then the sliders follow each other at such a pace that there is a heap of them at the foot of the slide, but this adds to the fun

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOWING

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE GERMAN-AUSTRIAN ALPINE CLUB IN BERLIN

Topics of the Week

Parliamentary Problems

THE Parliamentary Session bids fair to write a more than usually interesting chapter in the history of the country. The Government programme is not over-ambitious, but it is solid enough to show that Ministers do not share the opinion of their effectiveness and staleness which is just now the burden of the cry of the Opposition, itself paralysed by afflictions which have one of the excuses of age or over-work. A number of important measures dealing, *inter alia*, with education, temperance, London water-supply, and Irish land purchase, will be introduced by the Government, and it is to be hoped that they will pass in a form which will at least remedy some of the most crying evils at which they are directed. We confess, however, that we are not sanguine in regard to these measures. Even if the energy of Ministers prove as vigorous as the circumstances of the times require, it will find in questions relating to the war, to finance, and to Parliamentary procedure a strain which may well be expected to leave it powerless to accomplish all that is promised in the King's Speech. Everything, indeed, will depend on the adequacy of the new proposals for the reform of Parliamentary procedure and the promptness with which they are carried. These proposals should not be framed to meet any passing necessity such as the threatened obstruction of the Irish party, but should be so conceived as to adapt the usefulness of Parliament to the new conditions of its life. All over Europe education and increased representation have helped to clog the Parliamentary machine, and the unwieldiness and slowness with which it works have already gone far to bring it into disrepute. There can be no question that if the present state of things is allowed to continue Parliamentary institutions will suffer. In Austria the frequency with which resort is being had to the prerogative of the Crown has already seriously compromised the sanctity of popular government, and it is impossible to say how soon this evil may not spread to other countries. The world looks to the Mother of Parliaments to vindicate itself and to show the daughter Legislatures the way to a restored vitality and usefulness. This is the end which the new procedure rules should keep in view, and if they attain it they will have accomplished something which will render the Session memorable. The other great question with which Parliament will have to deal will be the question of finance. Here, too, a great piece of constructive statecraft is expected of the Government. The question to be solved is not a mere matter of accounts, the balancing of the Budget, or the provision, in some way or other, of money for the purposes of the war. The Government have to consider the whole question of the permanent increase in national expenditure and the likelihood that that increase will be seriously augmented in the future if the needs of the country are to be adequately or even prudently supplied. Sir Robert Giffen has lately been pleading for a readjustment of taxation to meet this new condition of things, and it seems on the face of it obvious that the sources of revenue which sufficed for a much smaller expenditure forty years ago should no longer be exclusively relied upon now. The problem is, however, an exceedingly difficult one, and we can scarcely expect anything in the nature of a sweeping reform. None the less, it is to be hoped that some practical recognition will be made of the new conditions of our financial administration.

IT appears to anger some Continental critics of the South African campaign that Lord Kitchener positively refuses to be hurried. If these arm-persists chair censors had only studied his method of crushing the Dervishes, they would, perhaps, better appreciate his present endeavours. Now, as then, he never pauses or wavers in gaining ground against the enemy. Every week witnesses some fresh reduction of the Boer fighting strength, while Botha, De Wet, Delarey and the other commanders find, it is reported, greater and greater difficulty in keeping any organised forces together. All they can now manage is to hold out in those mountainous tracts where pursuit is almost impossible. That is the invariable *dernier resort* of brigands; when they can no longer oppose the forces of order in a military manner, they fly to inaccessible refuges, and live on whatever plunder happens to come within reach. But it may be safely assumed that Lord Kitchener has reckoned with this possibility of brigandage becoming the sequel of war. After he crushed the might of the Khalifa at Omdurman and occupied Khartoum, it was not long before he set columns in movement to follow the remnants of the Dervish army into the desert. The situation he now has to deal with in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal is very much the same as that which presented itself

in the Soudan. Every strategical point is occupied by his gallant troops; the gold-mining industry will soon be in full swing; Lord Milner has called into being efficient administration at Pretoria and Bloemfontein; the land is steadily coming under cultivation again; in fine, every indication goes to show that unless the Boer commanders abase their pride by making submission they and their followers will be wiped out handful by handful by our "great silent general."

WHATEVER effect the statistics just issued by the Metropolitan Asylums Board may produce **Vaccination and Re-vaccination** on the "conscientious objector," they cannot fail to be of value in directing public attention to re-vaccination. The old tradition that a single operation serves as a safeguard for life still survives, and it is most essential to have it eradicated as soon as may be. The figures set forth in the Board's interesting report on the present situation of smallpox deserve to be studied as a whole; they prove to demonstration that while primary vaccination is a safeguard against deaths up to ten years of age, its protective power gradually diminishes in after life, unless the process is repeated. Even then, however, the vaccinated stand a much better chance both of escaping and surviving an attack than the unvaccinated do. Thus, among the cases comprised in the Board's analysis, while the percentage of deaths among vaccinated victims between twenty and eighty years of age was 17·52, that among the unvaccinated mounted up to 57·57. Again, there is an extraordinary difference between the returns from smallpox institutions. At those where all the persons attending on patients have been subjected to re-vaccination, almost complete immunity is secured. But at places where that precaution is not adopted the disease runs rampant. In fine, the demonstration is so thorough that the question presents itself as to whether the same measure of legal compulsion that is employed to enforce primary vaccination might not be advantageously extended to re-vaccination. Perhaps, however, the publication of these convincing statistics may have the desired effect without resorting to compulsion. As we have said, the popular neglect of the precaution is due to ignorance of its necessity, and not to the pigheadedness which makes the "conscientious objector" a law to himself.

The Court

THEIR Majesties did not come up to London until Monday, having a large house-party at Sandringham for the week-end. They were both much better for their stay in Norfolk, the Queen especially having lost her troublesome cold and being able to drive out as usual. To close the winter season at Sandringham, their Majesties had a theatrical entertainment on Saturday night, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey and their company playing *The Cigarette-Maker's Romance* before a large number of guests, including the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark. A stage was erected in the ballroom for the performance, and at the close the King and Queen chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey before the company left for London by special train. On Sunday morning their Majesties, with the Royal Family and their guests, attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church, and the party broke up on Monday. Directly on his arrival in town, the King held a Council at Marlborough House, and among the week's arrangements His Majesty inspected, at Wellington Barracks, the 1,200 Guards leaving for the front—the largest draft yet sent by the Brigade. On Thursday the King was to open Parliament in state.

At last the route for the Coronation procession is definitely announced. It will be exactly the same as that followed by the Jubilee procession in 1897, and so the hopes of Regent Street are crushed. Speaking of the Coronation, Queen Alexandra and the Princess of Wales are doing their utmost to give British home industries a good chance on that occasion. Not only do they urge the leading members of society to choose dresses and millinery of British manufacture, but they set the example themselves, the Princess going so far as to decide that all her gowns shall not only be made in England but be made by English people. For instance, the dress which the Princess wore at the opening of Parliament—ivory satin trimmed with jewelled lace—was entirely British work.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are in town until the Prince leaves for Germany next week, when the Princess will spend the time of his absence at Sandringham with her children. The Prince will only pay a short visit to Berlin, but a great deal of festivity is to be crowded into the few days, including a big dinner at the British Ambassador's. The Kaiser and Princes will meet their Royal guest at the station, together with a deputation from King Edward's German Regiment. The Prince has now agreed to lunch with the Mayor and Corporation at the Town Hall, Manchester, when he goes there to open the Whitworth Hall at Owen's College on March 12th, while on the 17th the Prince and Princess intend to visit the St. Patrick's Day Sale of the Irish Industries Association, to be held this year at Devonshire House. The Welsh University has unanimously chosen the Prince of Wales as Chancellor in succession to the King, and the various chief towns in Wales are eagerly contesting the honour of being chosen for the scene of installation.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

CHRISTMAS-TIDE usually brings with it a crop of society theatricals. This year has been especially prolific. At Chatsworth was presented Mr. Weedon Grossmith's little play, *The Commissary*, with the best amateur cast possible. Lady Chesterfield, Lady Hartopp, Miss Muriel Wilson, Mr. Leo Trevor, and other Lord Anglesey's theatricals were even more ambitious. He has a theatre at his castle in Wales, and produced both a pantomime and a musical comedy written by himself. His costumes were varied and magnificent. This week Mrs. Charles Wilson's theatricals and tableaux took place, the principal item of which was *The Artist's Dream*, where all the beautiful women artists seen appear before him. Lady Maitland, Lady Florence Astley, and Lady Chesterfield were some of the performers. That it cannot be said that the life of society women is all play: it entails work, hard work, for the arranging of amateur theatricals is almost more trying than the management of the legitimate drama.

Nowadays plays and players engross an enormous amount of public attention. French actresses have been giving their views on the subject of their happiness, and English actresses have followed suit. Each decides according to her temperament. One is not surprised to hear that Mrs. Kendal considers "art" means "heart," and that her happiness lies in her home; or that Mrs. Beccroft Tree asserts that the happiness of actresses depends on their managers (as indeed does the happiness of the public). Miss Violet Vanbrugh thinks that actresses work too much on their nerves, which is not good for them. Miss Ellis Jeffries says work is happiness, and Miss Ellaline Terriss says of herself that she is happy in her home, her work, her pleasures and the generosity of the public—and she looks it! The fact, I suppose, I roughly generalised, remains that actors, like lawyers, live to a good old age, that the very weakly and nervous give up the profession, and that the successful are happy.

One regrets to note that the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association" is short of funds and compelled to issue an appeal to the public. Its far-reaching utility is indisputable, it has worked hard and successfully all through the war, and distributed much help and comfort in no niggard fashion. It has kept itself free, as far as possible, from party or sectarian legislation, and it has enlisted in its service an army of hard-working, earnest, conscientious and kindly ladies and gentlemen who have given their time and their labours freely to alleviate the sorrows and hardships of the soldiers' wives and families. Money must and will be forthcoming for such an excellent and patriotic object.

One often wonders how it is that men's rooms are so much more comfortable than women's. The latter stay much more at home and are supposed to make housekeeping their study, yet while a man's room may be void of knick-knacks, beauty or decoration, it is always comfortable. In a man's room the fire always burns brightly, the arm-chairs are sleep-inviting, the writing-tables well equipped, the pens fit to use, the ink-bottle filled, while plenty of paper and envelopes and good blotting paper invite to correspondence. Even in an hotel, it is the smoke-room that is the most cosy, the warmest, the freest from draughts. Women seem to expend their energies on frilled curtains, silver tables, and bowls of flowers. If you want a newspaper, only the half-sheet of advertisements is to be found; books are partly cut, and no paper cutter lies handy; the pens are broken, the ink thick, the blotting paper torn and blotchy, and there is never a piece of sealing wax. Of course I do not refer to houses where an immaculate groom of the chambers attends daily to the writing-table, but to a woman's own sanctum, over which she presides herself.

I wonder if the three-volume novel will ever return. Many people regret it, especially the confirmed novel-reader. Imagine the difference between holding a one-volume novel like "Sir Richard Calmady," for instance, closely printed and cumbersome, when lying in bed or sitting in a railway carriage, and the pleasant lightness and admirably clear print of the old novel or of the Tauchnitz edition. The latter especially commends itself to holiday reading, to reading out-of-doors, by the firelight, on the sofa, or at a hundred different times when one is tired or headachy and needs the relaxation of the story book. The present fashion is especially hard on old people, who stumble over the small print and whose eyes it tries, and yet who are the principal customers of the lending library.

I doubt whether, on the occasion of King Edward's Coronation, players will be as greatly honoured as they were in the time of Charles II., when the Monarch gave his Coronation dress to Betterton, the celebrated actor, when he performed in *Love and Honour*, a comedy written by Sir William Davenant, the Poet Laureate and Governor of the Duke's Company of Actors. The Duke of York, afterwards James II., presented his dress to Harris, and Lord Oxford his to Price, two other actors in the company.

The following Article is one of many interesting features in this Week's

GOLDEN PENNY:

"A PRE-HISTORIC MONSTER AS IT EXISTED IN LIFE: DIGGING A MAMMOTH OUT OF THE ICE IN SIBERIA."

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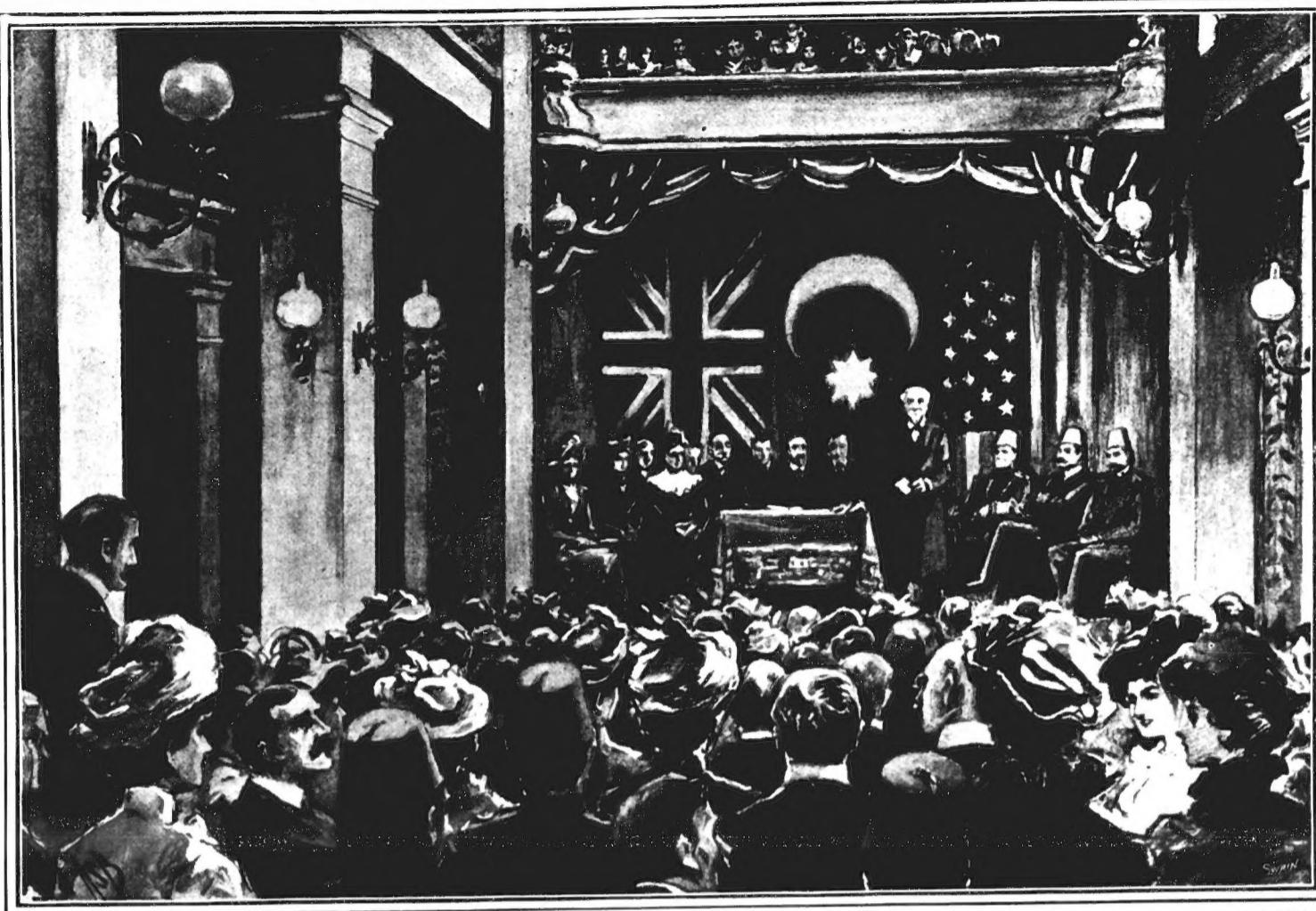
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NOTICE.—The Next Table Tennis Championship will be played in the

Vast Aquarium Galleries, Commencing February 3.



DRAWN BY A. S. BOYD

The ceremony of opening the British High School for Girls in Constantinople, on December 20, called together the leading members of the colony. In the absence of Sir N. O'Conor, the Ambassador, the chair was taken by Mr. M. W. E. de Bunsen, First Secretary of Legation. The idea was conceived and encouraged by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe when he was Ambassador, and the late Consul Wrench also worked hard to accomplish the good work. The School is a hand-

some building in the Grand Rue de Pera and contains numerous classrooms and a fine hall wherein all British functions will no doubt take place in future. Among the large audience which filled the hall on the opening day were representatives of the Sultan, to whom fitting allusion was made by Mr. de Bunsen for his having granted a Firmā. The School starts with 140 pupils of all nationalities.

A BRITISH CEREMONY IN CONSTANTINOPLE: OPENING A GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. MAUD

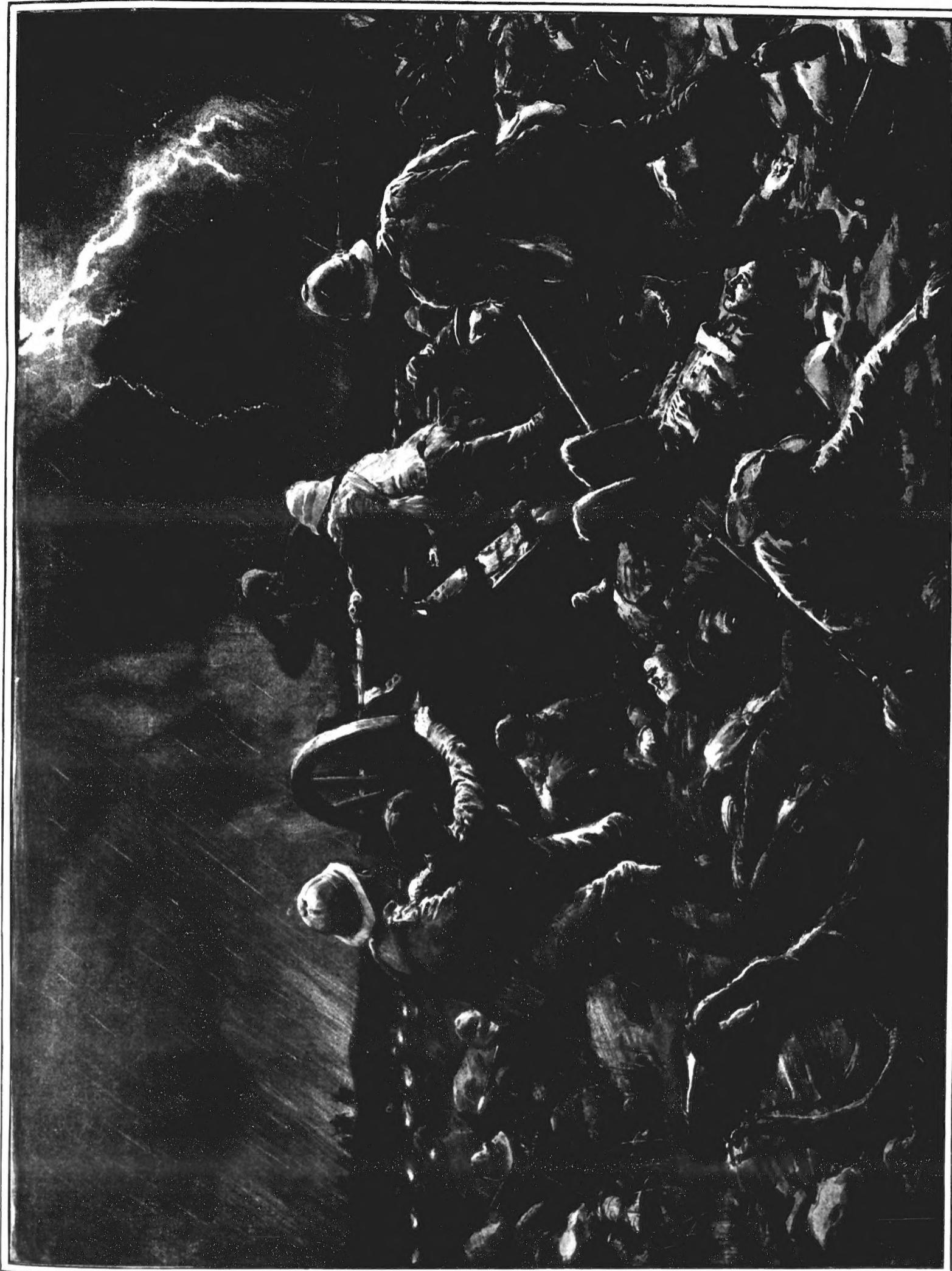


An attempt has recently been made by the Paris police to organise a regular service of Newfoundland dogs for the rescue of persons who may fall, jump, or be thrown into the Seine. Unhappily, the first experiments have not been so successful as could have been wished. A dummy dressed in man's clothes was pitched into the water, and two of the dogs were sent to fetch it out. They did this readily

enough, but when they had brought their prize to shore they proceeded to fight for the possession of it with the result that the dummy was absolutely torn to pieces. The police are now wondering whether this is what would happen if it were a real human being that the friends of man were rescuing from a watery grave.

THE LAST STATE WORSE THAN THE FIRST: AN EXPERIMENT BY THE FRENCH POLICE

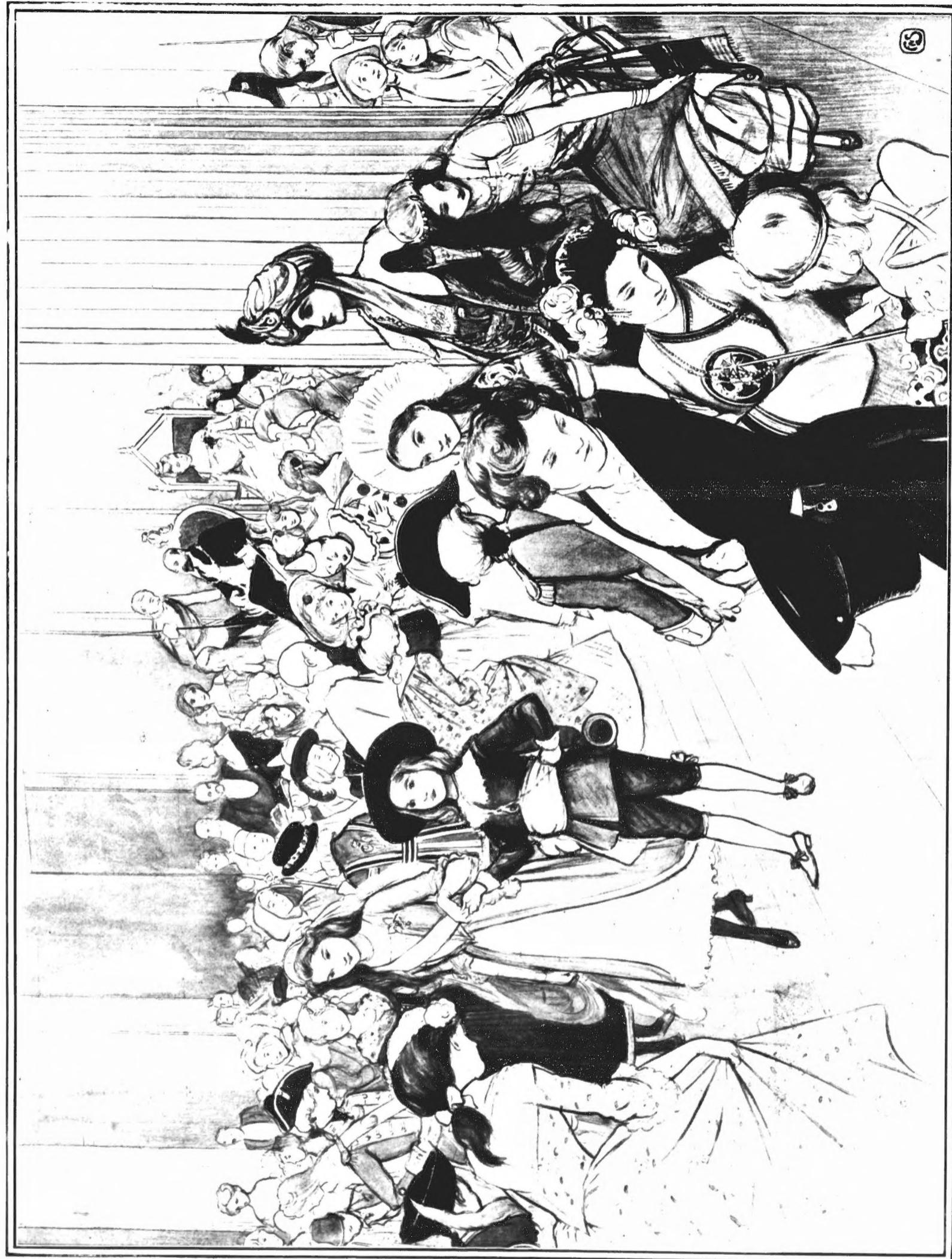
DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



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AMONG THE FIERCEST OF THE BATTLES WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN SOUTH AFRICA DURING THE LATER PHASES OF THE WAR WAS THAT OF BRAKENLAAGTE, IN WHICH THE gallant Colonel Benson met his death. Six days after leaving Middelberg his column found itself among the enemy in force, under command of General Grobler. The weather was very stormy, with rain and thunder, and when the column came near Brakenlaagte the Boers were observed to be hovering on both flanks of the column. In the driving rain the enemy closed up to the British rearguard. Two of the guns of the 84th Battery were halved, and the rearguard was strengthened by one squadron of Scottish Horse. After a further mose, Colonel Benson had

THE FIGHT IN A STORM AT BRAKENLAAGTE: THE GALLANT DEFENCE OF THE GUNS



One of the brightest of Mansion House functions is the annual children's fancy dress ball. The spectacle presented by the children in infinite variety of costume was charming, the divers hues of the dresses combining to make a brilliant mass of blended colour.

CHILDREN AT THE MANSION HOUSE: THE ANNUAL FANCY DRESS BALL.

DRAWN BY F. NEWTON SHEPARD

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER IV.

(continued)

"And what do you want Lady Orlay to do for Princess Wanda?" inquired Cartoner, with a smile. It was always a marvel to him that Paul Deulin should have travelled so far down the road of life without losing his enthusiasm somewhere by the way.

"That I leave to Lady Orlay," replied Deulin, with an airy wave of his neat umbrella, which imperilled the eye-sight of a passing baker-boy, who abused him. Whereupon Deulin turned and took off his hat and apologised.

"Yes," he said, ignoring the incident, "I would not presume to dictate. All I should do would be to present Wanda to her. 'Here is a girl who has the misfortune to be a *Bukaty*; who has no mother; who has a father who is a plotter and an old ruffian—a Polish noble, in fact—and a brother who is an enthusiast, and as brave as only a prince can be.' I should say, 'You see that circumstances have thrown this girl upon the world, practically alone—on the hard, hard upper-class world—with only one heart to break. It is only men who have a whole row of hearts on a shelf, and when one is broken, they take down another, made, perhaps, of ambition, or sport, or the love of a different sort of woman—and, "vogue la galère," they go on just as well as they did before.'"

"And my accomplished aunt " suggested Cartoner.

"Would laugh at me, I know that. I would rather have Lady Orlay's laugh than another woman's tears. And so would you; for you are a man of common sense, though deadly dull in conversation."

As if to prove the truth of this assertion, Deulin was himself silent until they had ascended St. James's Street and turned to the left in Piccadilly, and, sure enough, Cartoner had nothing to say. At last he broke the silence, and made it evident that he had been placidly following the stream of his own thoughts.

"Who is Joseph P. Mangles?" he asked, in his semi-inaudible monotone.

"An American gentleman—the word is applicable in its best sense—who for his sins, or the sins of his forefathers, has been visited with the most terrible sister a man ever had.

"So much I know." Deulin turned and looked at his companion.

"Then you have met him—that puts another complexion on your question."

"I have just crossed the Atlantic in the next chair to him."

"And that is all you know about him?"

Cartoner nodded.

"Then Joseph P. Mangles is getting on."

"What is he?" repeated Cartoner.

"He is in the service of his country, my friend, like any other poor devil; like you or I, for instance. He spends half of his time kicking his heels in New York, or wherever they kick their heels in America. The rest of his time he is risking his health, or possibly his neck, wherever it may please the fates to send him. If he had been properly trained, he might have done something, that Joseph P. Mangles; for he can hold his tongue. But he took to it late, as they all do in America. So he has come across, has he? Yes, the storm-birds are congregating, my silent friend. There is something in the wind."

Deulin raised his long, thin nose into the dusty May air, and sniffed it.

"Was that girl with them?" he inquired presently; "Miss Netty Cahere?"

"Yes."

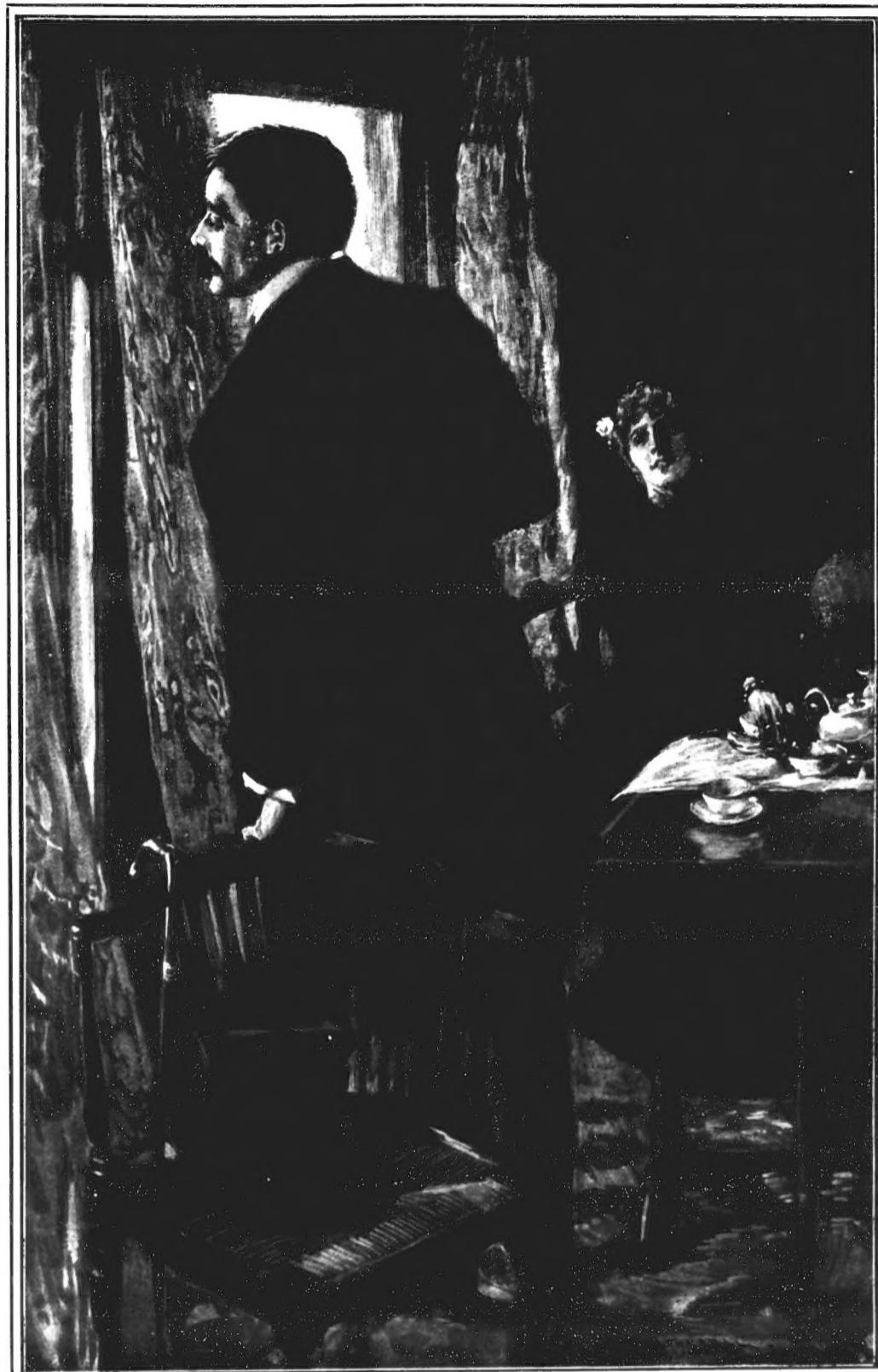
"I always make love to Miss Cahere—she likes it best."

Cartoner stared straight in front of him, and made no comment. The Frenchman gave a laugh, which was not entirely pleasant. It was rare that his laugh was harsh, but such a note rang in it now. They did not speak again until they had walked some distance northward of Piccadilly, and stopped before a house with white window boxes. Several carriages stood at the other side of the road against the square railings.

"Is it her day?" inquired Deulin.

"Yes."

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* Cartoner was still standing near the window. He turned absently and looked out, down into the busy street. There he saw something which caused him intense surprise, though he did not show it."

Deulin made a grimace, expressive of annoyance.

"And we shall see a number of people we had better not see. But since we are here let us go in—with a smile on the countenance, eh? my brave Cartoner."

"And a lie on the tongue."

"There I will meet you, too," replied Deulin, looking into his card-case.

They entered the house, and, as Deulin had predicted, there found a number of people assembled, who noted, no doubt, that they had come together. It was observable that this was not a congregation of fashionable or artistic people: for the women were dressed quietly, and the men were mostly old and white-haired. It was also dimly per-

ceptible that there was a larger proportion of brain in the room than is usually allotted to the merely fashionable, or to that shallow mixture of the dramatic and pictorial, which is usually designated the artistic world. Moreover, scraps of conversation reached the ear that led the hearer to conclude that the house was in its way a miniature Babel.

The two men separated on the threshold, and Deulin went forward to shake hands with a tall white-haired woman, who was the centre of a vivacious group. Over the heads of her guests this lady had already perceived Cartoner, who was making his way more slowly through the crowd. He seemed to have more friends there than Deulin. Lady

Orlay at length went to meet Cartoner, and as they shook hands, one of those slight and indefinable family resemblances which start up at odd moments became visible.

"I want you particularly to-morrow night," said the lady; "I have some people coming. I will send a card to your club this evening."

And she turned to say good-bye to a departing guest. Deulin was at Cartoner's elbow again.

"Here," he said, taking him by the sleeve, and speaking in his own tongue, "I wish to present you to friends of mine. Prince Pierre Bukaty," he added, stopping in front of a tall, old man, with bushy, white hair, and the air of a mediaeval chieftain, "allow me to present my old friend Cartoner."

The two men shook hands without other greeting than a formal bow. Deulin still held Cartoner by the sleeve, and gently compelled him to turn towards a girl, who was looking round with bright and eager eyes. She had a manner full of energy and spirit, and might have been an English girl of open air and active tastes.

"Princess Wanda," said the Frenchman, "my friend Mr. Cartoner."

The eager eyes came round to Cartoner's face, of which the gravity seemed suddenly reflected in them.

"He is the best linguist in Europe," said Deulin, in a low whisper; "even Polish; he speaks with the tongue of men and of angels."

And he himself spoke in Polish.

Princess Wanda met Cartoner's serious eyes again, and in that place, where human fates are written, another page of those inscrutable books was folded over.

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

PRINCE BUKATY was an affable old man, with a love of good wine and a perfect appreciation of the humorous. Had he been an Englishman, he would have been an honest squire of the old Tory type, now fast fading before facilities for foreign travel and a cheap local railway service. But he was a Pole, and the fine old hatred which should have been bestowed upon the Radicals fell to the lot of the Russians, and the contempt hurled by his British prototype upon Dissent was cast upon Commerce as represented in Poland by the thrifty German émigré.

The Prince carried his bluff head with that air which almost invariably bespeaks a stormy youth, and looked out over mankind from his great height, as over a fine standing crop of wild oats. As a matter of fact, he had grown to manhood in the years immediately preceding those wild early sixties, when all Europe was at loggerheads, and Poland seething in its midst, as lava seethes in the crater of a volcano.

The Prince had been to England several times. He had friends in London. Indeed, he possessed them in many parts of the world, and, oddly enough, he had no enemies. To his credit be it noted that he was not an exile, which is usually another name for a scoundrel. For he who has no abiding city generally considers himself exempt from the ordinary duties of citizenship.

"They do not take me seriously," he said to his intimate friends; "they do not honour me by recognising me as a dangerous person; but we shall see."

And the Prince Bukaty was thus allowed to go where he listed, and live in Warsaw if he so desired. Perhaps the secret of this lay in the fact that he was poor; for a poor man has few adherents. In the olden times, when the Bukatys had been rich, there were many professing readiness to follow him to the death—which is the way of the world. "You have but to hold up your hand," cries the faithful follower. But wise men know that the hand must have something in it. The Prince had been young and impressionable when Poland was torn to pieces, when that which for eight centuries had been one of the important kingdoms of the world, was wiped off the face of Europe, like writing off a slate. He was not a ruffian, as Deulin had described him; but he was a man who had been ruffled, and nothing could ever smooth him.

He was too frank by nature to play a hopeless game with the cunning and the savour of spite which hopeless games require. If he liked a man, he said so; if he disliked one, he was equally frank about it. He liked Cartoner on the briefest of brief introductions, and said so.

"It is difficult to find a man in London who speaks anything but English, and of anything but English topics. You are the narrowest people in the world you Londoners. But you are no Londoner: I beg your pardon. Well, then, come and see me to-morrow. We are in a hotel in Kensington—will you come? That is the address."

And he held out a card with a small gold crown emblazoned in the corner, after the mode of Eastern Europe. Cartoner reflected for a moment, which was odd in a man whose decisions were usually arrived at with lightning-speed. For he had a slow tongue and a quick brain. There are few better equipments with which to face the world.

"Yes," he said at length; "it will give me much pleasure."

The Prince glanced at him curiously beneath his bushy eyebrows. What was there to need reflection in such a small question?

"At five o'clock," he said. "We can give you a cup of the poisonous tea you drink in this country."

And he went away laughing heartily at the small witticism. People whose lives are anything but a joke are usually content with the smallest jests.

It was scarcely five o'clock the next day when Cartoner was conducted by a page-boy to the Bukatys' rooms in the quiet old hotel in Kensington. The Princess Wanda was alone. She was dressed in black. There is in some Varsovian families a heritage of mourning to be worn until Poland is re-instated. She was slightly but strongly made. Like her father and her brother, there was a suggestion of endurance in her being, such as is often found in slightly made persons.

"I came as early as I could," said Cartoner, and, as he spoke, the clock struck.

The Princess smiled as she shook hands, and then perceived that she had not been intended to show amusement. Cartoner had merely made a rather naive statement in his low monotone. She thought him a little odd, and glanced at him again. She changed colour slightly as she turned towards a chair. He was quite grave and honest.

"That is kind of you," she said, speaking English without the least suspicion of accent; for she had had an English governess all her life. "My father will take it to mean that you wanted to come, and are not only taking pity on lonely foreigners. He will be here in a minute. He has just been called away."

"It was very kind of him to ask me to call," replied Cartoner.

There was a simple directness in his manner of speech which was quite new to the Princess Wanda. She had known few Englishmen, and her own countrymen had mostly the manners of the French. She had never met a man who conveyed the impression of purpose and of the habit of going straight towards his purpose so clearly as this. Cartoner had not come to pay an idle visit. She wondered why he had come. He did not rush into conversation, and yet his silence had no sense of embarrassment in it. His hair was turning grey above the temples. She could see this as he took a chair near the window. He was probably ten years older than herself, and gave the impression of experience and of a deep knowledge of the world. From living much alone he had acquired the habit of wondering whether it was worth while to say that which came into his mind—which is a habit fatal for social success.

"Monsieur Deulin dined with us last night," said the Princess, following the usual instinct that silence between strangers is intolerable. "He talked a great deal of you."

"Ah, Deulin is a diplomatist. He talks too much."

"He accuses you of talking too little," said Wanda, with some spirit.

"You see there are only two methods of leaving things unsaid, Princess."

"Which is diplomacy?" she suggested.

"Which is diplomacy."

"Then I think you are both great artists," she said, with a laugh, as the door opened and her father entered the room.

"I only come to ask you a question—a word," said the Prince. "Heavens! your English language! I have a man downstairs—a question of business—and he speaks the oddest English. Now, what is the meaning of the word jettison?"

Cartoner gave him the word in French.

"Ah!" cried the Prince, holding up his two powerful hands, "of course. How foolish of me not to guess. In a moment I will return. You will excuse me, will you not? Wanda will give you some tea."

And he hurried out of the room, leaving Cartoner to wonder what a person so far removed above commerce could have to do with the word jettison.

The conversation naturally returned to Deulin. He was a man of whom people spoke continually, and had spoken for years. In fact, two generations had found him a fruitful topic of conversation without increasing their knowledge of him. If he had only been that which is called a public man, a novelist or a singer, his fortune would have been easy. All his advertising would have been done for him by others. For there was in him that unknown quantity which the world must needs think magnificent.

"I want you to tell me all you know about him," said the Princess in her brisk way. "He is the only old man I have ever seen whose thoughts have not grown old too. And, of course, one wonders why. He is the sort of person who might do anything surprising. He might fall in love and marry, or something like that, you know. Papa says he is married already, and his wife is in a mad asylum. He says there is a tragedy. But I don't. He has no wife—unless he has two."

"I know nothing of that side of his life. I only know his career."

"I do not care about his career," said the Princess, lightly. "I go deeper than careers."

She looked at Cartoner with a wise nod, and a shrewd look in her gay blue eyes.

"A man's career is only the surface of his life."

"Then some men's lives are all surface," said Cartoner. Wanda gave a little half-pitying, half-contemptuous jerk of the head.

"Some men have the soul of an omnibus-horse," she replied.

Cartoner reflected for a moment, looking gravely the while at this girl, who seemed to know so much of life and to have such singularly clear and decisive views upon it.

"What would you have them do beyond going on when

required and stopping when expedient—and avoiding collisions?" he inquired.

"I should like them to break the omnibus up occasionally," she answered, "and take a wrong turning sometimes, just to see if a little happiness lay that way."

"Yes," he laughed. "You are a Pole and a Bukaty. I knew it as soon as I saw you."

"One must do something. We were talking of such things last night, and Monsieur Deulin said that his ideal combination in a man was an infinite patience and a sudden premeditated recklessness."

"Now you have come down to a mere career again," said Cartoner.

"Not necessarily."

The Prince came into the room again at this moment.

"What are you people discussing," he asked, "so gravely?"

He spoke in French, which was the language that was easiest to him, for he had been young when it was the fashion in Poland to be French.

"I do not quite know," answered Cartoner, slowly. "The Princess was giving me her views."

"I know," retorted the old man, with his rather hollow laugh. "They are long views, those views of hers."

Cartoner was still standing near the window. He turned absently and looked out, down into the busy street. There he saw something which caused him intense surprise, though he did not show it: for, like any man of strong purpose, his face had but one expression, and that of thoughtful attention. He saw Captain Cable, of the "Minnie," crossing the street, having just quitted the hotel. This was the business acquaintance of Prince Bukaty's, who had come to speak of jettison.

Cartoner knew Captain Cable well, and his speciality in maritime skill. He had seen war waged before now with material which had passed in and out of the "Minnie's" hatches.

The Prince did not refer again to the affairs that had called him away. The talk naturally turned to the house where they had first met, and Wanda mentioned that her father and she were going to the reception given by the Orlays that evening.

"You are going, of course?" said the Prince.

"Yes, I am going."

"You go to many such entertainments?"

"No, I go to very few," replied Cartoner, looking at Wanda in his speculative way.

Then he suddenly rose and took his leave, with a characteristic omission of the usual "Well, I must be off," or any such catch-word. He certainly left a great deal unsaid which this babbling world expects.

He walked along the crowded streets, absorbed in his own thoughts, for some distance. Then he suddenly emerged from that quiet shelter, and accepted the urgent invitation of a hansom-cab driver to get into his vehicle.

"Westminster Bridge," he said.

He quitted the cab at the corner of the bridge, and walked quickly down to the steamboat-landing.

"Where do you want to go to?" inquired the gruff sea-faring ticket-clerk.

"As far as I can," was the reply.

A steamer came almost at once, and Cartoner selected a quiet seat over the rudder. He must have known that the "Minnie" was so constructed that she could pass under the bridges, for he began to look for her at once. It was six o'clock, and a spring tide was running out. All the passenger traffic was turned to the westward, and a friendly deck-hand, having leisure, came and gave Cartoner his views upon cricket, in which, as was natural in one whose life was passed on running water, his whole heart seemed to be absorbed. Cartoner was friendly, but did not take advantage of this affability to make inquiries about the "Minnie." He knew, perhaps, that there is no more suspicious man on earth than a riverside worker.

The steamer raced under the bridges, and at last shot out into the Pool, where a few belated barges were drifting down stream. A number of steamers lay at anchor, some working cargo, others idle. The majority were foreigners, odd-shaped vessels, with the funnels like a steam threshing machine and gaily painted deck houses.

In one quiet corner, behind a laid-up excursion boat, and a file of North Sea fish-carriers, lay the "Minnie," painted black, with nothing brighter than a deep brown on her deck-house, her boats painted a shabby green. She might have been an overgrown tug or a superannuated fish-carrier.

Cartoner landed at the Cherry Orchard Pier, and soon found a boatman to take him to the "Minnie."

"Just took the skipper on board a few minutes ago, sir," he said. "He must have come down by the boat before yours."

A few minutes later Cartoner stood on the deck of the "Minnie," and banged with his fist on the cover of the cabin gangway, which was tantamount to ringing at Captain Cable's front door.

That sailor's grim face appeared a moment later, emerging like the face of a hermit crab from its shell. The frown slowly faded, and the deep, unwashed wrinkles took a kindlier curve.

"It's you, Mr. Cartoner," he said. "Glad to see you."

"I was passing in a steamer," answered Cartoner, quietly, "and recognised the 'Minnie.'"

"I take it friendly of you, Mr. Cartoner, remembering the rum time you and me had together. Come below. I've got a drop of wine somewhere stowed away in a locker."

(To be continued)

An Artistic Causerie

BY M. H. FRIEMANN

ALTHOUGH the interest of the present exhibition at the New Gallery, "The Monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland," is in the main historical and antiquarian—features which always appeal most strongly to the man, and his wife, in the street—there is not less attraction for those who enjoy the study of the development of art in England from the end of the fourteenth century to the present day. Many of the exhibits, whether paintings, reliques, and objects of art, have been seen here before; but no greater testimony can be borne to the interest of the collection than to say that we have in this display an epitome of the previous Flemish, Tudor, Stuart, Guelph, and Victorian exhibitions—from St. Ethelreda to Edward VII., from Luca Cornelli to Mr. Orchardson, and from Richard II.'s "White Hart" to the Welsh Dragon, which we see as a supporter in the Royal Arms, as now printed in the catalogue.

The collections of the country have been made available to the promoters: the palaces, the great houses, the universities, societies, and museums of England have generously lent the most interesting of their pictures, the most precious of their reliques, many of the latter most touching in their tragic reminiscence. But the pictures in themselves would detain us for more than a single visit. In the room containing "the English Kings up to Edward VI.," there is enough to occupy us if we only thought of subject and ascription. There is here the celebrated "Marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York" by Mabuse—bought at Walpole's sale for 1787. There are two of the several replicas (one may be the original) of "Henry VII.'s Three Children," also by Mabuse; but why the directors adhere to the title in view of the fact that the ascription has long been exploded, the children being those of Christian II. of Denmark, it is difficult to guess. The catalogue, by the way, does not mention that Lord Pembroke's version (No. 41) used to be ascribed to Hans Holbein the Elder.

Again, the curious picture of "King Henry VIII. and his Family," which is curiously attributed to Sir Antonio More, is almost certainly (so it appears to me) by Lucas de Heere, or by one of his imitators. It was not attributed to More at the Strawberry Hill sale; besides, a comparison with the allegorical piece in Hampton Court (No. 635), in which, indeed, the figures of Queen Elizabeth, Peace, and War are repeated, affords strong testimony for my contention. But these are connoisseurs' matters; for the ordinary visitor the main interest will be in the portraits as psychological studies, and as works of art—in the Holbeins and Zucceros; in the early British painters, Jameson, Power, and Old Stone; in the Vandycks, Knellers, Lelys, and the rest, and in the beautiful portrait by Gainsborough of Anne Luttrell, and the two full-lengths, attributed to the same painter, of George III. and Queen Charlotte. Indeed, from their appearance, it is quite probable that they were finished by the nephew, Gainsborough Dupont—especially as they are inscribed with Gainsborough's name and date six years after his death, 1794, in which year Dupont did actually exhibit a portrait of the King in the Royal Academy. And in addition to all these things there are the objects, the seals, the armour, the miniatures, coins and autographs, and a few of the supreme drawings by Holbein from the world-famous set in Windsor Castle.

An exhibition of a very different order is that held by the Society of Oil Painters. It is one of the best displays the Society has held, in spite of the presence of certain work that has no claim to wall-space under the aegis of such a body. The strongest feature is the landscape, and probably the best work is "Early Spring in Tuscany," by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, for in it we may recognise many admirable qualities that are rare enough in English painting. Indeed, there is a general advance, and work of serious merit is contributed by Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. Withers, Mr. Hughes Stanton, Mr. W. Padgett, Miss Bland, Mr. Mann, and Mr. Little, among the younger school. The latter has a sense of style and a classic dignity, yet he does not seek to avoid forms which the masters of landscape composition disown. M. Fantin-Latour's flower pieces possess their usual charm, M. Nicolet's figure subjects their usual elegance and tender feeling, and Madame Ronner's cat and kitten pieces their usual grace and truth to life. A special Pre-Raphaelite note is struck by Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Frampton, and Miss Brickdale; but all these artists have touched a higher level in the recent past.

The memorial exhibition of the late Miss Kate Greenaway's work, now being held at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street, will reveal to those who cavilled at her work, how exquisite was her touch, how dainty her fancy, how charming her simple execution—on how much higher a grade she stood that those would allow who only knew her through the reproductions of her toy-book work. It would be absurd to appraise her achievement beyond its merits, but it would be equally foolish to regard these drawings as examples of prettiness and nothing more. There is an originality and thought in them beyond mere illustration, and a beauty beyond mere daintiness. There are examples, too, of serious landscape sketching, which show that Miss Greenaway's adopted style was no *pis aller*; but that, in other lines, she might have done strikingly well. In this most attractive little exhibition there are gathered other things besides those which she specially drew for it. There are a series of drawings and "processions" which she drew for Professor Ruskin, as well as some of the illustrated letters which she had sent to her friend at Coniston, and other interesting relics of a very pretty and delightful sort. This, at least, is an art everybody can understand—the product of a graceful hand, a pure and simple mind and of an innocent and loving heart.

The Snake-Dance

THE snake-dance of the Moqui Indians is biennially held at the village of Walpi, in the Province of Tusayan, in North-Eastern Arizona. The series of ceremonies leading up to the dance last for nine days, but it is only on the last day that the public dance takes place. The rest of the rites are conducted in secret, in the "Kivas," or underground worshipping chambers. In the dance the Indians file out of the "Kivas" in two parties. The first party of "Antelope warriors" come on the dancing platform with a slow, dignified gait, and invoke the gods by songs and a series of stamps on the ground. (The Moqui heaven is underground, where it is damp and cool). These Antelope men are followed by the "Snake warriors," who rush out at a great rate, and also go through various invocation ceremonies. They then dive under a small bower of cottonwood branches and appear again with live snakes between their teeth. The dance is then carried on whilst the snakes are thus held, each "Snake warrior" gripping his snake tightly till his jaws get tired, and then diving under the bower for another. Each warrior has two attendants with him during the dance. The duty of one of

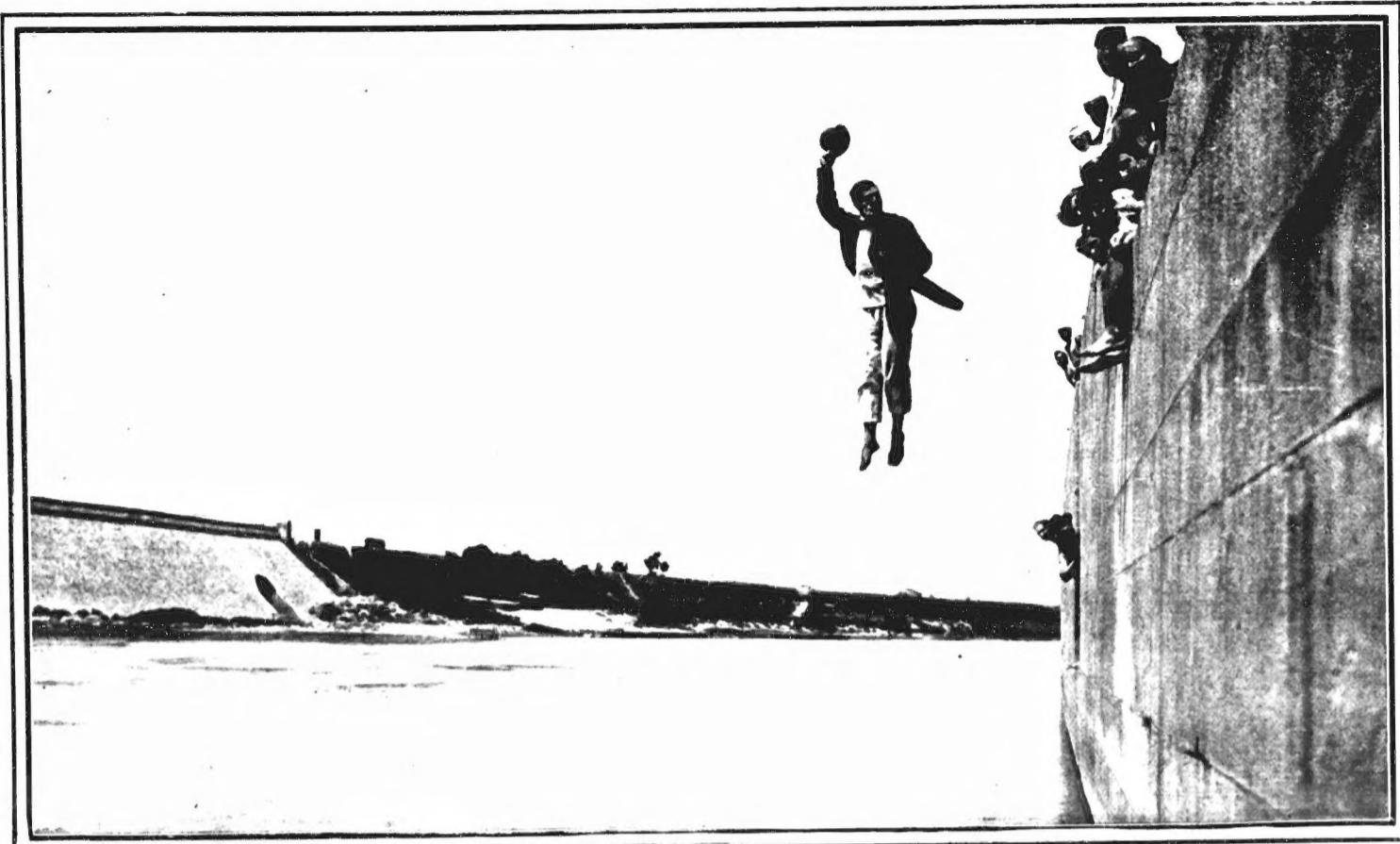
these men is to place his left arm round his principal's neck, whilst with a small bunch of feathers in his right hand he flicks at the snake, and in some measure prevents it from biting the dancer. The second attendant dances along behind the other two, and as the snake drops from the teeth of the warrior he picks it up and hands it to one of the "Antelope warriors," who are now standing in a row along one side of the platform. As soon as the supply of snakes is exhausted, a signal is given and they are all thrown together in a writhing pile. Sacred meal is then sprinkled upon them by the squaws, another signal is given, and all the warriors rush for snakes. They pick them up in handfuls and run down the sides of the high flat-topped rock upon which the village is situated, to all points of the compass, and then turn them loose. A very large proportion of the snakes used in the dance are rattlesnakes. The priests of the snake order amongst the Moquis possess the secret of an antidote for snake-bite poisoning, which they use during the ceremonies, and also at other times as necessity arises. The significance of the dance is an elaborate prayer for rain. The snake, which is held as a semi-deity amongst these people, is supposed to be the intermediary between themselves and the gods of the underworld, and the warriors are supposed to whisper their prayers whilst holding them between their teeth. The snakes, when turned loose in the valley, take these prayers to the gods, and copious rains are expected to follow.



1. Smart walking dress in aubergine velvet. The skirt has three flounces trimmed with black ribbon velvet and appliqués of black satin, similar trimmings being repeated on the bodice. Wide collar edged with beaver and lace, the fur reappearing on the sleeves

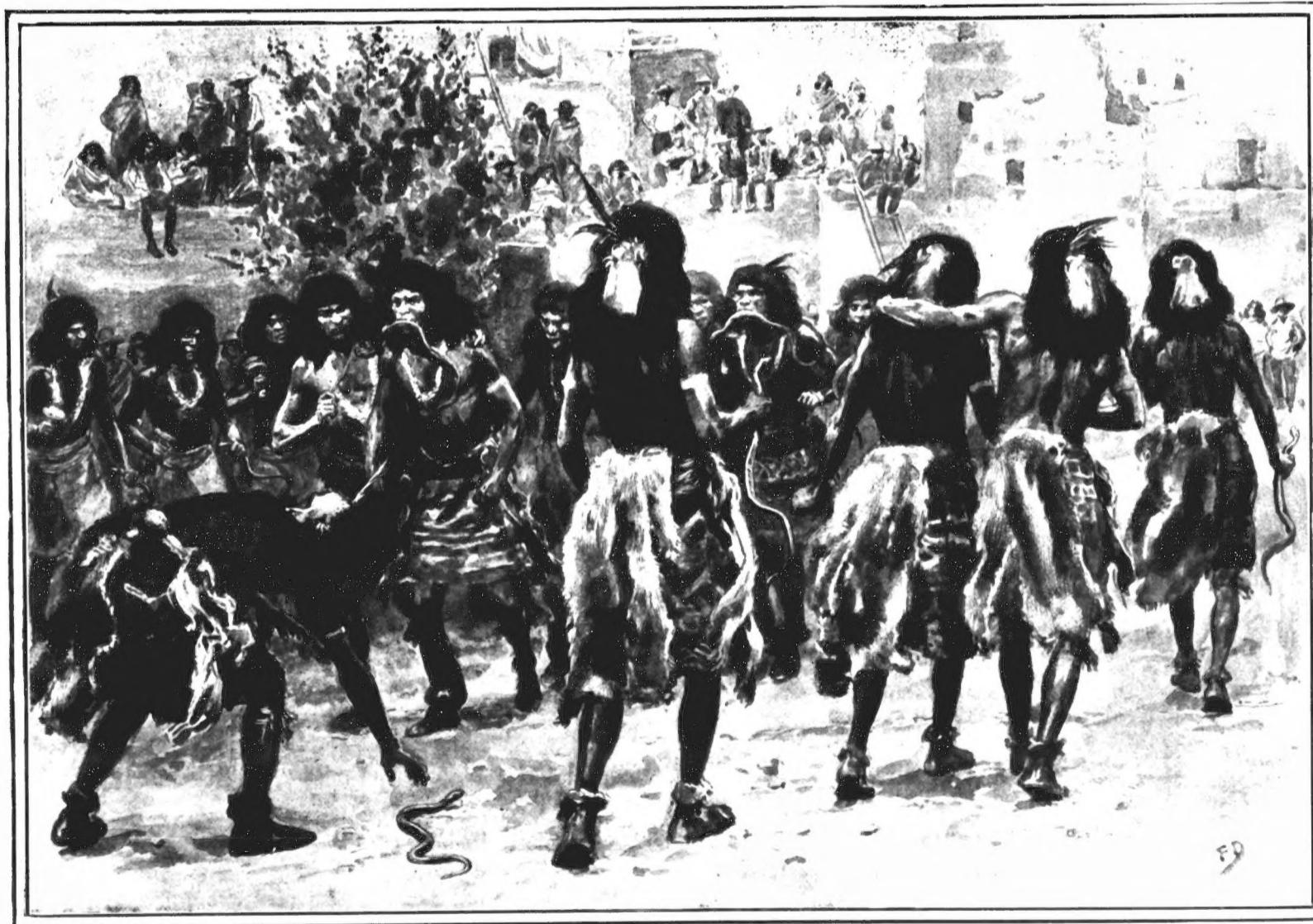
2. Costume in ladies' cloth and white panne. Plain skirt and corselet bodice with *bonne femme* sleeves and velvet cuffs

WALKING COSTUMES



The gamins of Rome are ever eager to make a few pence. A favourite trick is to jump from a high wall into the river. The illustration, which is by Sfisa, Rome, is an interesting example of instantaneous photography

FOR A COPPER OR TWO: A LONG DROP INTO THE TIBER



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

A WEIRD INVOCATION FOR RAIN: A SNAKE-DANCE BY THE MOQUI INDIANS

FROM A SKETCH BY G. SYKES



'The Witch of Val Bruna' is an old woman of some reputation, who lives in a cave in Val Bruna, in Lombardy. English tourists visiting the Italian Lakes often go to see her. The spectacle is a strange one as they have their fortune told. There are many who believe in the old woman's powers, and she makes a very tolerable income. She is one of the last witches of the old type left in Italy.

FORTUNE-TELLING IN ITALY: THE WITCH OF VAL BRUNA RECEIVING ENGLISH TOURISTS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PROFESSOR RICCARDO PELLEGRINI



THE EARL OF HARROWBY
Mover in the House of Lords



THE EARL OF LYTTON
Seconder in the House of Lords



COL. H. L. B. MCCALMONT
Mover in the House of Commons



SIR EDGAR VINCENT
Seconder in the House of Commons

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDERS OF THE ADDRESS

The Opening of Parliament

BY H. W. LUCY

ON Thursday Parliament was to be opened with the pomp and circumstance pertaining to the presence of the King and Queen. That circumstance was sufficient of itself to give a fillip to the occasion. Apart from it, there is much in the current stage of political affairs to invest Parliamentary proceedings with exceptional interest. This is testified to by the fact that Parliament meets nearly a month earlier than the usual date.

Once again the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be faced by a terrible deficit, and the necessity of further adding to the load of debt or the burden of taxation. The probability is that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will have recourse to both sources of revenue. Already he is the recipient of advice from more or less eminent financial authorities. The crisis is too grave to find relief in suggestion about taxing bicycles or similar favourite expedients of the financial man in the street. It is significant that so staunch a Liberal, so impeccable a Free Trader, as Sir Robert Giffen should have come forward with the suggestion of the imposition of a small tax on imported corn.

The Budget we shall have by and bye. Meanwhile, the brilliant throng packed in the House of Lords, on Thursday, learned from the lips of the King of legislative intention in several important directions. Attempt to carry an Education Bill, which disastrously failed last Session, will be renewed. Since Sir John Gorst must needs take charge of the Bill in the House of Commons, there is promise of sport. The everlasting Land Question in Ireland will come again to the front. Mr. George Wyndham has a measure in hand, but, according to his own confession, it is not of the kind likely to set the Lissey on fire. It does not contain compulsory powers, leaving landlord and tenant to bargain with each other as to a fair price, which it would appear to the uninstructed mind they are at liberty to do at the present moment.

Another important measure of nearer home interest is designed to complete the purchase of the properties of the London Water Companies. Mention of this subject causes Viscount Cross to renew his youth like the eagle. More than twenty years ago he, being Home Secretary in Mr. Disraeli's first Administration, brought in a Bill with this object. It was scouted, on the ground that the money offered for the purchase was absurdly extravagant. So bitter was the hostility, by no means confined to the Opposition Benches, that the abrupt dissolution of Parliament, announced by Sir Stafford Northcote on March 8, 1880, was attributed, in large measure, to desire on the part of the Government to get rid of the Water Bill. Mr. Walter Long would be a happy man if he were assured he might to-day buy up the London Water Companies with a million or two added on to the sum they were willing to take twenty-two years ago.

These are some of the measures Ministers hope to carry. After all, the chief business of the Session is not legislation but preparation for its process. Once more the Commons feel the necessity of putting their House in order. Since the epoch of all-night sittings which made lurid the course of the Parliament elected in 1880, the Rules of Procedure have been repeatedly tinkered. Last Session it was borne in upon the Government that if they meant to do any business they must begin by thoroughly reforming them. The Irish members, under the leadership of Mr. Redmond, make no secret of their intention to make work in the House of Commons impossible.

Compared with some Sessions, that of 1901 was not lengthy. In respect of divisions and questions it beat the record. The longest Session of recent times ran from 1893 into 1894. Sitting on 226 days, 450 divisions were taken, and 6,534 questions appeared on the notice paper. Last year, sitting only on 118 days, little more than one-half of the Session of 1893-4, the questions were fewer by only eighty-six, whilst thirty-two more divisions were taken. It is estimated that of the Session not less than 120 hours, twelve working days of ten hours each, were occupied by members, young and old, trotting round the Division Lobbies.

The Earl of Harrowby, who moves the Address in the House of Lords, was born in 1864, and married in 1887, the Hon. Mabel Danvers Smith, daughter of the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith. The Earl of Lytton, who seconds the Address in the Lords, is a son of the first Earl, and was born in 1876. Col. H. L. B. McCalmont, who moves the Address in the Commons, has sat for the Newmarket Division of Cambridgeshire since 1895. He is a well-known owner of racehorses, and served in South Africa last year in command of the 6th Battalion Warwickshire Regiment. Sir Edgar

Vincent, K.C.M.G., who seconds the Address in the Commons, is Member for Exeter. He was President of the Council of the Ottoman Public Debt, 1881-3, Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, 1883-9, and Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, Constantinople, 1889-1897.

Our portraits are by the following: The Earl of Harrowby by the London Stereoscopic Company; The Earl of Lytton by Lafayette, Dublin; Colonel McCalmont by Graham, Leamington Spa; and Sir Edgar Vincent by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

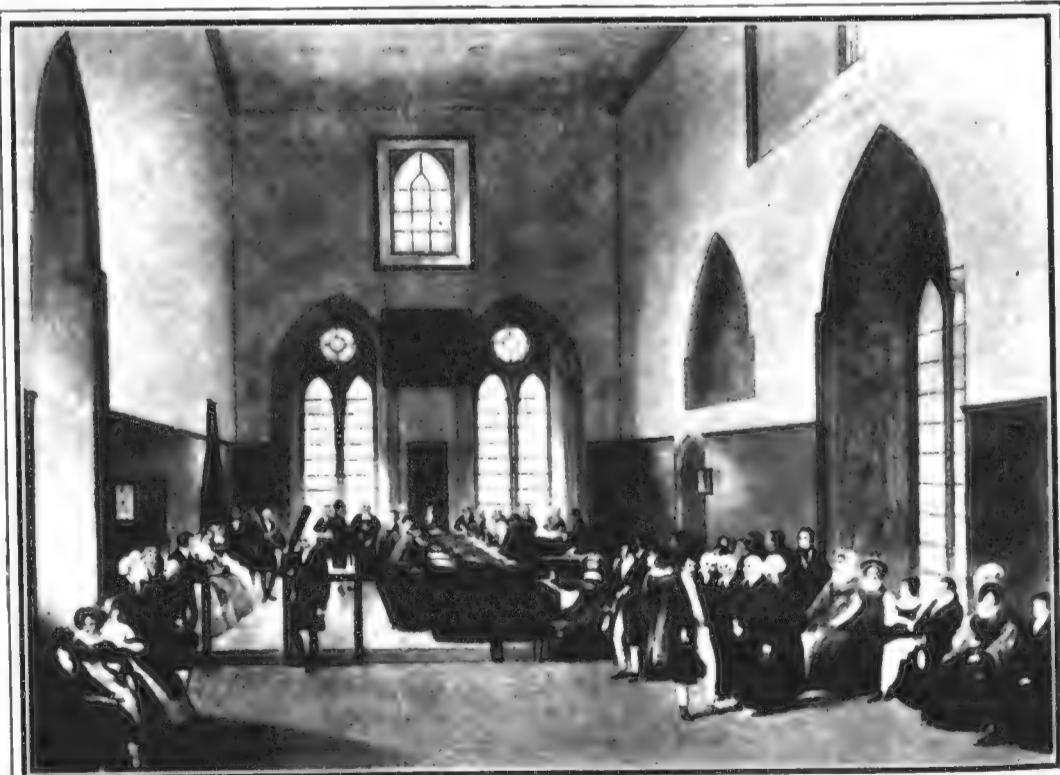
Coronation Claims

MUCH hard work has been done by the Court of Coronation Claims at its sittings this week at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, under the presidency of the Lord Chancellor. Two important decisions have been reached, the first of them dealing with the right of the Archbishop of York. His Grace, who was present in person, told their lordships that the King had accepted the suggestion made by the Archbishop of Canterbury that the Coronation of the Queen should be assigned to the Archbishop of York. That being the case, agreed the Lord Chancellor, the case without regard to any question of right was removed from the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims.

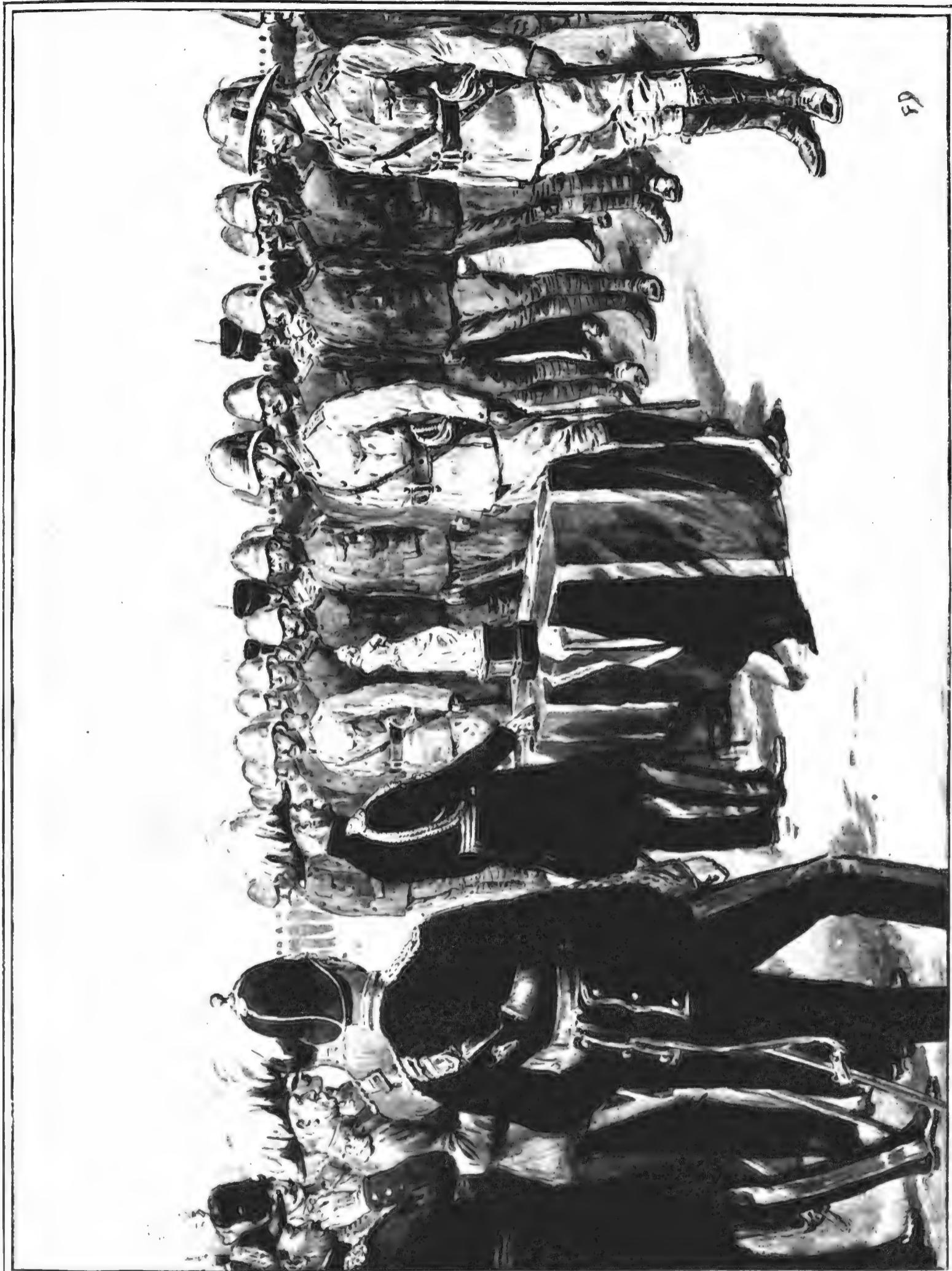
The second case of importance decided was that of the right or privilege of the Lord Mayor of London to be present at the Coronation carrying a mace which, by the City, is called the crystal sceptre. The Recorder, Sir Forrest Fulton, stated the case for the City, which was that the Lord Mayor, though not present in Westminster Abbey at the last two Coronations, owing to the omission of a great number of ancient ceremonies, had yet occupied a position behind the Sovereign on the dais, at many previous Coronations, and had always occupied the same place. Sir Forrest Fulton then adduced several historical precedents in support of the City's claim. The Lord Chancellor said, in delivering his decision, that it had been established before the Court that by ancient custom and usage, and subject to His Majesty's pleasure, the Corporation of London should be represented at the Coronation as mentioned in the petition.

Lord Roberts and the "Q" Battery, R.H.A.

THE Commander-in-Chief went down to Woolwich, on Monday, to present medals to a number of officers, non-commissioned officers and men, who have served in South Africa, and also to present to the "Q" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, a piece of plate which former officers of this battery have given to their comrades in commemoration of the battery's distinguished conduct in the affair at Sanna's Post, in March, 1900, when Lieut.-Col. Phipps Hornby, who was in command of the battery, won the Victoria Cross, which was also given Sergeant Parker, Gunner Lodge, and Driver Glasscock. The "Q" Battery was engaged on eighty-five days, sometimes being in action two or three times in one day. It has been awarded bars for Kimberley, Driefontein, Paardeberg, Johannesburg, Diamond Hill, and Wittenbergen. On the occasion of Lord Roberts's visit to Woolwich the battery mustered some eighty or ninety strong, thirty-two of whom were present at Sanna's Post. The other men to receive medals numbered about 130. After the presentation of medals the "Q" Battery were drawn up to be addressed by the Commander-in-Chief, and to receive the trophy presented by former officers. In making the presentation, Lord Roberts reminded the men of the history of the Battery. The "Q" Battery, R.H.A., was raised in 1844 by Captain Schuler as the third troop Bombay Horse Artillery, under which name it served in the first Afghan War, and was present at the capture of Ghuzni in 1839. In 1848-9 the third troop took part in the second Punjab War; it was at the siege of Multan and with the pursuing column under Major-General Sir Walter Gilbert, which caused the Sikh Army to capitulate, and drove the Afghans, who had ventured to espouse their cause, across the Indus and into the Khyber Pass. In 1856, on war being declared with Persia, the third troop formed part of the army sent from the Bombay Presidency to that country, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram. During the Indian Mutiny the third troop served in Central India, first under Major-General Sir Hugh Rose, and afterwards under Brigadier-General Sir Robert Napier.



A SITTING OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS IN GEORGE V'S REIGN
FROM AN OLD PRINT



Lord Roberts, General Wodehouse, on Mondial, to present a number of officers the Commandant-in-Chief to the "Q" Battery, R.H.A., which has just returned from command of the 1st Bde. Royal Artillery in South Africa. After the distribution of a number of medals to a number of officers, a trophy presented for the battery in memory of the battery's distinguished conduct at the affair at Spion's Post. The gun is a 12-lb silver replica of the statue of "Ammu-Son" which is in the Royal Artillery Officers' Mess.

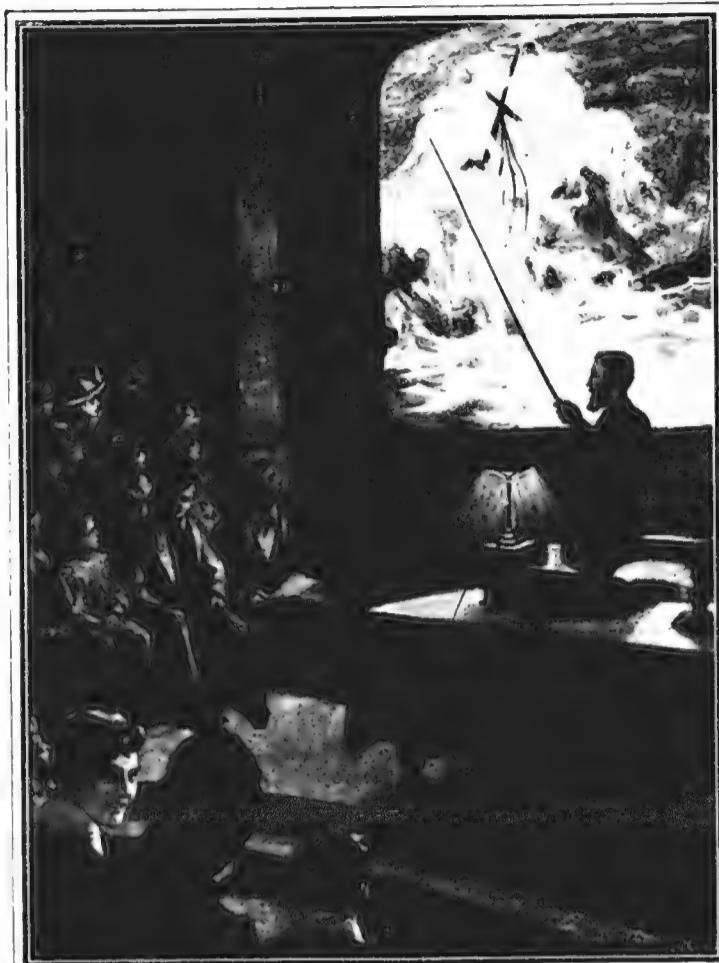
THE RETURN OF THE 1st BATTERY R.H.A. : LORD ROBERTS PRESENTING A SILVER STATUETTE TO THE OFFICERS

DRAWN BY FRANK DADO (L.)

Children's Lectures

Each succeeding year the scientific lectures which are offered to children as an alternative, or, perhaps, as a corrective, to the other entertainments of the season, increase in number. This year three learned societies have competed for the attention of young people—the Royal Institution, where Professor Fleming has been lecturing on the wave motions in earth and sea and sky; the Royal Geographical Society, where Dr. Vaughan Cornish supplemented Professor Fleming's description of the visible waves of the sea by some most beautiful illustrated examples of their movement and formation; and the Society of Arts, where Sir Henry Trueman Wood devoted two lectures to a most lucid exposition of the principles of photography and their application to the science of industry. There were lectures also at the London Institution on the "Britains Oversea," and at the United Service Institution on the war which is flickering to its extinction in South Africa.

Each series of these lectures has a distinguishing mark. Those of the oldest institution were the series delivered by Professor Fleming, who followed a line of illustrious predecessors, including Faraday, Tyndall, Oliver Lodge, Dewar, Thompson, C. V. Boys, and Sir Robert Ball. Professor Fleming proved himself the equal of his predecessors alike in the difficult art of accommodating a trained scientific intelligence to the understanding of children and in the not less difficult task of sustaining youthful interest in the subject matter. The lecturer had a good subject: the waves that move in the sea—everyone of his audience had watched these, so that the point of departure was familiar; the invisible ripples of water, the experiments to display which are so ingenious and their effects so beautiful that no one could fail to be interested in watching them; and the waves of sound in air. All these things proved so susceptible of illustration that even a less able lecturer might have counted on securing the attention of his audience. But Professor Fleming's triumph was that, so careful and ingenious had been his own methods of giving each experiment its proper illustrative value, so as to enable a firmer grip to be taken on scientific truth with each illustration, that when he left those perceptible waves and ripples, in water and in air, for



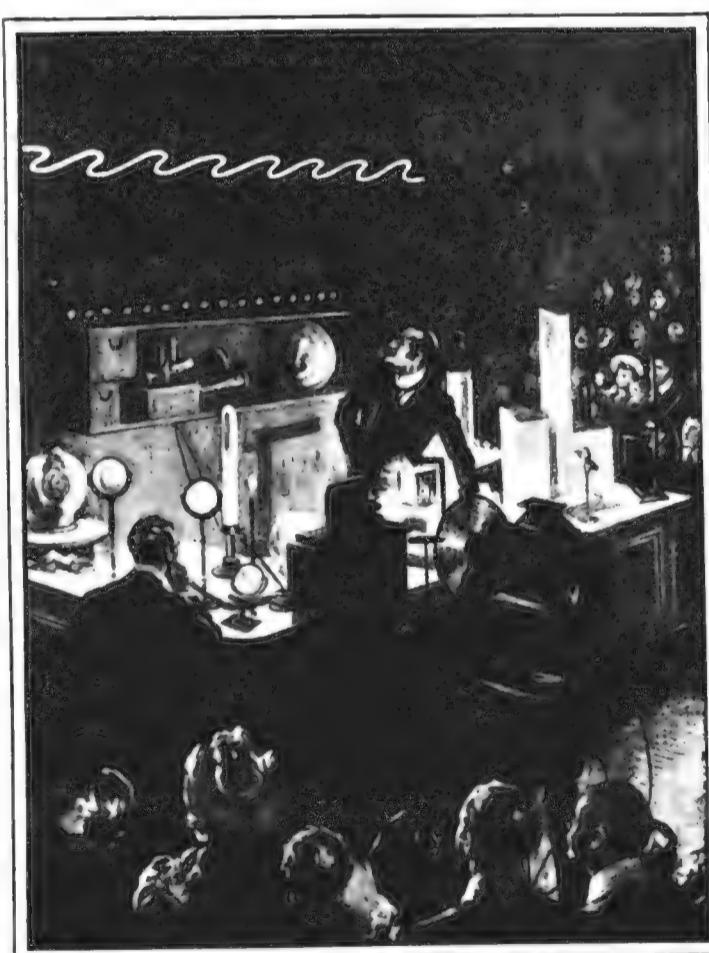
DR. VAUGHAN CORNISH ON "WAVES" AT THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

the ripples of light and electricity across the ether of space, he was able to take his audience with him to these ethereal heights. As always is the case at the Royal Institution, the lectures were accompanied by experiments of an ingenuity and interest that are never reached anywhere else. The most striking were perhaps those in which a revolving mirror threw on a screen the image of sound waves created by an assistant's voice—which forms the subject of our illustration—the deflection of a beam of sound by a prism of carbon dioxide; and the manipulation of invisible ether waves.

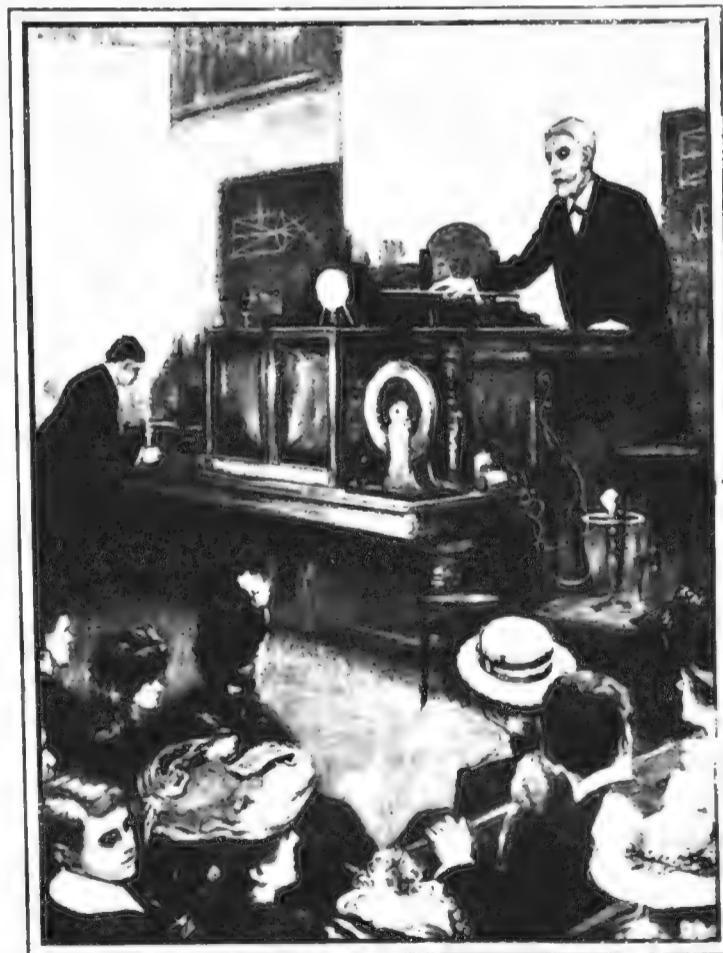
Dr. Vaughan Cornish's lecture at the Royal Geographical Society developed and illustrated in a striking way, for those children who had been fortunate enough to attend both sets of lectures, the movements of waves in water. Some mental illustrations given by Dr. Cornish were not less ingenious, as when he mentioned that some waves of the Atlantic swell were so long that an observer stationed at Hyde Park Corner might be on the crest of one of them, while the crest of the other would only be at the point in Piccadilly where the Green Park ends, and that such waves would pass Apsley House three a minute at nearly seventy miles an hour! Among the rarer illustrations of the lecture were some photographs of the fourteen foot waxen models of battleships, which are used by the Admiralty in the experimental tank at Haslar, to calculate the effect of waves on warships; and a most striking cinematographic representation of the advancing wave of the bore which sometimes dashes up the Severn. Our illustration shows the lecturer pointing to a cinematograph picture of waves breaking over a wreck.

Sir Henry Trueman Wood used the cinematograph as an illustration at the end of his second lecture at the Society of Arts; but it was merely by way of showing one of the ultimate developments of photographic ingenuity. His first lecture began at the very beginning of photography, by explaining to the children the principles and uses of lenses. By simple steps he led them up the long ladder, at the top of which stands the problem of colour photography by approaching solution, and on the rungs of which are the applications of photography to scientific uses, and to the needs of newspaper and magazine illustration. A more beautiful and complete set of photographs of all kinds has never been exhibited at lectures; and THE GRAPHIC and *Daily Graphic* may claim some share for supplying a few of these illustrations. But that which made the collection chiefly valuable was Sir Henry Trueman Wood's admirably clear and interesting exposition of its processes.



PROFESSOR J. A. FLEMING ON "WAVES AND RIPPLES IN WATER, AIR, AND ETHER" AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



SIR HENRY TRUEMAN WOOD ON "PHOTOGRAPHY AND ITS APPLICATIONS" AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS

DRAWN BY P. B. HICKLING



"THE MOONLIGHT SONATA"
FROM THE PAINTING BY ERNEST OPPLER, REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY



WINTER SPORT IN THE FEN COUNTRY: A SKA

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.



ART IN THE FEN COUNTRY: A SKATING MATCH

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY E. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.



THE LATE MAJOR G. A. WILLIAMS
Killed at Tweefontein



THE LATE LIEUT. J. M. MACLEAN
Died of wounds received at Brakenlaagte



THE LATE LIEUT. S. T. HARDWICK
Killed at Tweefontein



THE LATE LIEUT. H. M. AGNEW
Killed at Tweefontein



THE LATE MAJOR A. T. P. HUDSON
Died of wounds received at Elandspruit

The Bystander

"Stand by" - CAPTAIN CUTCH

BY J. ASHBY-SIERRY

We are told that at a recent meeting of the Provisional Table Tennis Association—which, by the way, sounds very much like a society for the supply of cheap breakfasts—"the utmost indignation was expressed at the use of the term Ping-Pong in connection with

what is expected to prove a serious national game." Why they should be indignant because some genius—I should very much like to know his name—devised a thoroughly appropriate and original title for a new diversion it is impossible to say. Could any appellation be more suitable, more descriptive, or more euphonious than Ping-Pong? On the other hand, could any name be more ineffective, more mild and milk-and-water than Table-tennis? Besides I fancy the Table-tennisians are just a little bit late in the issuing of their ukase, and they may find it as difficult to change the title

of their pastime as it would be to alter the names of billiards, chess, golf, or croquet. No one would for a moment wish to interfere with the "serious national game"—fancy a game being serious—of the Table-tennisians, so let them by all means prosecute it with all the solemnity in their power.

It is difficult to understand why the Underground Railway—I call it by this title because I am not quite clear where the Metropolitan ends and the District begins—should, in face of the opposition of the Tube, neglect the welfare of its patrons. Notwithstanding all the abuse that has been showered upon the Underground, I must say I like it, because you don't feel altogether buried, and you have pleasant flashes of daylight now and then. But I don't know that I shall like it much longer if I am not better treated. A Sunday of two ago I came from Uxbridge Road to Charing Cross. I had to change at Earl's Court and at South Kensington. At both these draughty stations I had to wait a considerable time on a cold night, and I think the journey must have occupied nearly an hour. If I had gone by Tube to Tottenham Court Road I should have accomplished the distance under fifteen minutes without any changes. Formerly the Underground used to run trains without change from Uxbridge Road to Charing Cross. Why have they been discontinued?

A courteous correspondent writes as follows:—"When leaving my house of a morning, I seldom reach the end of the street without having passed, lying on the pavement, a piece—sometimes two pieces—of stout string about two feet in length. These, I am told, are thrown away by the postmen, after having been used to tie up letters in bundles. It would be a curious speculation as to how many yards, or miles, of string are thus thrown away every day." My correspondent is perfectly right, and anyone who perambulates the streets of London may easily see there is a want of economy in some department of the Post Office. There is also another view to take of it. If you tread on the string and it happens to form itself into a loop, under your foot, you may catch your other toe in it and come to grief. Then you might parody the ditty which is just now being so gracefully sung by Miss Ellaline Terriss in *Bluebell in Fairyland*, and sing:—

Oh! these little bits of string,
Which the careless postmen fling,
Are not devoid of danger 'twill be found
You must look out when you tread,
Or you'll be upon your head,
Or sitting with much sorrow on the ground!

But, after all, under the circumstances, I don't think you would be inclined to sing. I rather fancy you would be liable to—say something emphatic and uncomplimentary with regard to a little bit of string. The whole matter, however, deserves the earnest attention of Mr. Henniker Heaton.

It does not appear to me that sufficient attention has been called to the luxurious stalls that have recently been added to Drury Lane Theatre. As one of the paying public I have often had to complain of the way in which the British stall-holder is frequently treated. Stalls are more than double the price they were in the days of my boyhood, and as a general rule they give you far less elbow and leg room than they did in those remote times. But the stalls at Drury Lane are all that can be desired, and it is sincerely to be trusted that other managers may follow this excellent example. I am sorry to say that the *matinée* hat nuisance shows but little sign of abatement. The other morning I took two little girls to the play. Fortunately there was no obstruction to prevent them having a fair view of the stage. But in front of me was a preposterous, enormous and vulgar head-dress—that forcibly reminded one of a Brummagem pin cushion—which effectively prevented my seeing more than a fourth of the performance. And yet if I had demanded the return of seven shillings and tenpence halfpenny of my money the manager would have thought my request unreasonable.

The recent rains have been the means of most clearly demonstrating how our streets have suffered from the constant upheaval to which they have recently been subjected. The scarcely perceptible arch with its keystone—so to speak—in the centre of the roadway, which is one of the essentials of good roadmaking, seems to have disappeared altogether. In the place of this we have a flat surface, variegated by hillocks, off which it is impossible for the water to drain into the gutter. The consequence is, long after the rain has ceased to fall, you have, in crossing the road, to traverse any number of puddles you please. The result is, that you get well splashed and muddled, which, if the road had been properly constructed, it *had* not have been comparatively dry.



THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR, COUNT VON BULOW, MAKING A SPEECH IN THE REICHSTAG

DRAWN BY F. BARRELYTE

CORONATION GIFT TO THE KING



KING EDWARD'S HOSPITAL FUND FOR LONDON.

EACH READER OF "THE GRAPHIC" WOULD BE HELPING THE GOOD WORK IF THEY WOULD INDUCE THEIR FRIENDS TO FILL IN THE COLUMN, AND FORWARD IT, WITH A CHEQUE, TO THE HONORARY SECRETARIES.

[Copies of this page can be had Free on application to the Manager of THE GRAPHIC, 190, Strand.]

Our Portraits

CAPTAIN W. S. BOURCHIER, who is retiring from the command of the training ship *Exmouth*, began his naval career in 1841 as a master's assistant (now called navigating midshipman) on board the *Impregnable*. He served two commissions in the Mediterranean, one under Captain (afterwards Admiral) Lord Clarence Paget. After commanding the *Myrtle* for a number of years in home waters he went out to the West Coast of Africa in the *Zebra*, commanded by Captain (later Admiral) Sir Anthony Hiley Hoskins. After eighteen months spent mainly in capturing slavers Captain Bourchier returned home on half-pay, and in 1870 was appointed Captain Superintendent of the Forest Gate School District Training ship *Goliath*, and under his direction the institution proved an immediate success. In 1875, as many will remember, the *Goliath* was totally destroyed by fire, with the loss of twenty-one lives, a loss which would have been far greater—for the fire swept through the ship with appalling rapidity—but for the admirable discipline and training of the young sailors. Another ship was speedily placed under Captain Bourchier's command, this being the *Exmouth*, which was lent by the Admiralty to the Metropolitan Asylums Board, who are responsible for its maintenance. In the last two years over 8,000 lads have passed through Captain Bourchier's hands, and the *Exmouth* has easily headed all the other training ships, both by reason of the admirable system of training afforded and the number of lads which it has turned out for the Navy and for the Army bands. For these results every credit is due to Captain Bourchier, and in him the Metropolitan Asylums Board loses the services of a very valued officer.

than thirteen occasions, and received, with the brigade, the thanks of the Viceroy, the Naval and Military Commanders-in-Chief, the Lords of the Admiralty, and both Houses of Parliament. Captain Sotheby was also nominated a Companion of the Bath, and appointed an Extra Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria. He reached flag rank in 1867, and three years later was placed on the retired list. The honour of knighthood was conferred upon him in 1875, and he reached the rank of admiral in 1879. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. John Brett, Associate (retired) of the Royal Academy, died at Putney last week at the age of seventy. He was the eldest son of the late Captain Charles Curtis Brett, of the 12th Lancers. His "Stone Breaker," painted in his early Pre-Raphaelite days, and exhibited at the Academy in the late fifties, was most highly praised by Mr. Ruskin, but for thirty years or more he gave his attention almost entirely to the successful reproduction, on broader artistic lines, of the natural phenomena and effects of the seas encircling the rocks and cliffs of our English coasts, especially those of Cornwall and the South, which he delighted to depict under their various aspects. Mr. Brett became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1881 and resigned in 1901.

Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich, who has been appointed arbitrator in the dispute between Chili and Argentina, entered the Royal Engineers in 1862. He served with the Bhootan Expedition in 1865-6, in the Abyssinian Campaign of 1867-8, in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and in the Waziri, Saliman, Zhob, and Tirah Expeditions. He has sat on several boundary commissions, including the demarcation of the Persian and Beluchistan frontier.

Rev. Arthur Wagner, who acted as spiritual director to the home. Being made under the seal of confession this admission was regarded by Mr. Wagner as sacred, but Constance Kent in Holy Week informed the Lady Superior of the home, and also Mr. Wagner, that she desired to surrender herself to justice. The unhappy girl was put on her trial at the Wiltshire Assizes and sentenced to death, the sentence being subsequently commuted to one of penal servitude for life. Mr. Wagner had held the same incumbency for nearly half a century, and had been appointed to it on the nomination of the great Duke of Wellington. Our portrait is by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.

Captain Cecil Patton Down, Indian Staff Corps, Political Officer of Tochi, died from the wounds received at Tochi while accompanying Col. McRae's column. Captain Down, who was born in 1867, passed into the Indian Staff Corps from the Wiltshire Regiment in 1892, and became Captain in 1899. He served with the second Miranzai Expedition, and was Assistant Political Officer with the Buner Field Force during the campaign on the North-West Frontier under Sir William Lockhart. Our portrait is by Burke, Murree.

Major George Albans Williams, of the South Staffordshire Regiment, who was killed, while in command of the position at Tweelontein, on Christmas Day, had served previously during the war as Aide-de-Camp to Lieut.-General C. Tucker. He served in the Zulu war in 1879, and in the operations against Sekukuni, in the Nile Expedition, 1884-5, and in the Ashan-i Expedition, 1895. Our portrait is by Raja Deen Dayal and Co., Secunderabad.

Lieutenant John Marsham Maclean, 84th Battery Royal Field



THE LATE MR. JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR E. S. SOTHEBY
Indian Mutiny Veteran



COLONEL SIR T. H. HOLDICH
The Argentine-Club Arbitrator



CAPTAIN W. S. BOURCHIER, R.N.
Captain Superintendent of the *Exmouth*, who is retiring



THE LATE JOHN BRIGGS
The Lancashire Bowler



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. P. DOWN
Died from wounds received at Tochi



THE LATE REV. ARTHUR WAGNER
Vicar of St. Paul's, Brighton



CAPTAIN H. MCKAY, R.N.R.
Commodore of the Cunard Fleet, who has just retired

Captain Horatio McKay, R.N.R., Commodore of the Cunard Fleet, who has just retired, was one of the best-known of Transatlantic seamen. He was born in 1835, and entered the Cunard Company's service in 1852. In the following year he became fourth officer of the *Canada*, and within a few weeks he was promoted to the third officer of the *Persia*. He was next transferred to the *China*, and then as second officer to the *Afroua*. In 1863 he became chief officer of the *Corsica*, and after serving in many ships of the fleet he was placed in command of the *British Queen* in 1871. Captain McKay was in command of the *Umbria* on the memorable voyage when she broke down in mid-ocean. The great anxiety caused by the prolonged absence of news of the liner will still be remembered. Another remarkable voyage made by Captain McKay was in the *Lucania*, when that vessel, under his command, established a record for the fastest passage across the Atlantic. Upon the retirement of Captain Haines some years ago Captain McKay was appointed Commodore of the Cunard Fleet. Our portrait is by Falke, New York.

Admiral Sir Edward Southwell Sotheby was in his eighty-ninth year. He joined the Royal Navy in 1826, and was senior officer on board the *Endeavour* during the operations on the coast of Syria in 1840. For those services he was awarded two medals and was promoted to the rank of commander. He was in command of the *Racehorse* during the New Zealand rebellion of 1847, and he was in charge of the *Pearl's* Naval Brigade which assisted in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. He was mentioned in despatches on no fewer

than thirteen occasions, and received, with the brigade, the thanks of the Viceroy, the Naval and Military Commanders-in-Chief, the Lords of the Admiralty, and both Houses of Parliament. Captain Sotheby was also nominated a Companion of the Bath, and appointed an Extra Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria. He reached flag rank in 1867, and three years later was placed on the retired list. The honour of knighthood was conferred upon him in 1875, and he reached the rank of admiral in 1879. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. John Briggs, the famous cricketer, was born at Sutton-in-Ashfield on October 3, 1862, and although under forty years of age he had had a long career in first-class cricket. He was first given a place in the Lancashire eleven in 1879, being then a lad of less than seventeen. He headed the Lancashire bowling averages in 1885, but it was not till the England v. Australia match at Lord's the following year that his great ability was fully recognised. For more than ten years he remained in his best form, showing no real decline till after the season of 1897. From 1885 to 1899, inclusive, he took in first-class matches 2,034 wickets for less than 16 runs each. Our portrait is by E. Hawkins and Co., Brighton.

The Rev. Arthur Douglas Wagner, vicar of St. Paul's Church, Brighton, was in his seventy-eighth year, and had for a long time been incapacitated from discharging the duties of his position. For a long time he was one of the most conspicuous of Brighton clergymen owing to his association with the Ritualistic movement of the most advanced manifestations of which the name of St. Paul's, Brighton, was long typical. His death recalls the circumstances of a strange and, for a time, unsatisfactory murder, the actual culprit, Constance Kent, some five years after the event, and whilst a guest at St. Mary's Home, Brighton, making a confession to the

Artillery, died from wounds received in the late Colonel General action at Brakenlaagte. Lieutenant Maclean, who was only twenty-two, was the fourth and youngest son of Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, tenth Baronet, of Morvern, Argyllshire, Chief of the Clan Maclean. He was with the rear guard during the whole of the fighting, and received eight wounds, from the effects of which he died a few days after the engagement. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Lieutenant S. T. Hardwick, R.A., killed at Tweefontein, was the second son of the late Mr. P. C. Hardwick, of Hereford Gardens, Park Lane. He joined the Militia Battalion of the Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment in 1895, and passed into the Royal Artillery in 1899. He was lieutenant of the T section of pom-poms. Our portrait is by Lyddell Sawyer, 230, Regent Street, W.

Lieutenant H. M. Agnew, of the 34th Company Imperial Yeomanry, who was killed at Tweefontein on Christmas Day, was the son of Mr. T. A. Agnew, manager of the Bank of England, Liverpool. Our portrait is by C. E. Fry and Son, Gloucester Terrace.

Major A. T. P. Hudson, 1st Manchester Regiment, died of wounds received at Elandspruit, between Lydenburg and Davelstroon, on December 19. Major Hudson had been serving with the Field Force in South Africa since 1899. He entered the Army in 1878.

The Edwardian Silver Work

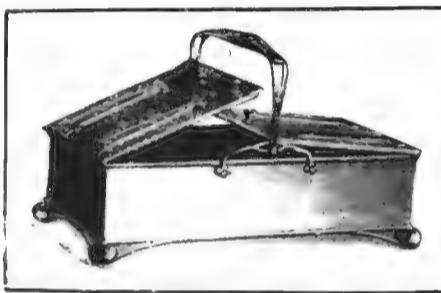
THE productions of the modern goldsmith and silversmith are generally wanting in originality, the worker aiming at little more than the careful copying of old and recognised types. The New Art movement, however, which has invaded in turn every branch of decorative art has given rise to a school of English silver work which, abandoning all the traditions of the past, devotes its energies to the designing of new models and to a new treatment in finishing the articles. The name of Edwardian Silver has been given to the creations of the new school whose advent synchronises roughly with King Edward's accession to the throne. Its work is strikingly original in design, though nowhere is beauty of form sacrificed to mere novelty of treatment. On the contrary, the models are as a rule exceedingly beautiful and graceful, and their soft lustrous finish decidedly artistic. The Edwardian silver is characterised generally by finely chased floral and scroll designs, with figures in high relief, the handles and stems of the articles being delicately modelled. A number of pieces were shown at the Paris Exhibition and gained the "Grand Prix," the Government collectors of the various countries showing their appreciation of the new school in their eagerness to acquire representative specimens for their respective National Collections. The specimens of the Edwardian Silver which we illustrate are designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, who have been among the first to place before the public the results of the latest movement in silver design.



JARDINIÈRE FOR FRUIT OR FLOWERS



PRESENTATION CUP



CIGARETTE BOX

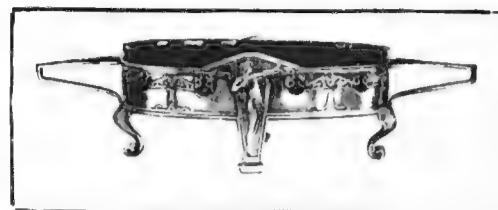
Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

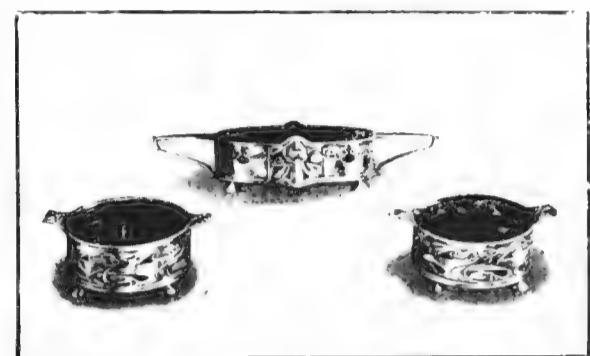
THERE is life in the new reign. Since his accession the King has been remodelling his Court, and the latter has been in mourning. Though the period of mourning will not be ended until the anniversary of the death of the Queen is passed, the opening of Parliament is generally regarded as ter-

minating the interval of preparation, and the Court is beginning its new career. That this career will be more active and brilliant than the old is certain. For instance, His Majesty will travel to the South of France, and live there with more display than did Queen Victoria. Again, his presence at Epsom will introduce into the meeting an element of pomp which the Derby and Oaks have not recently had associated with them.

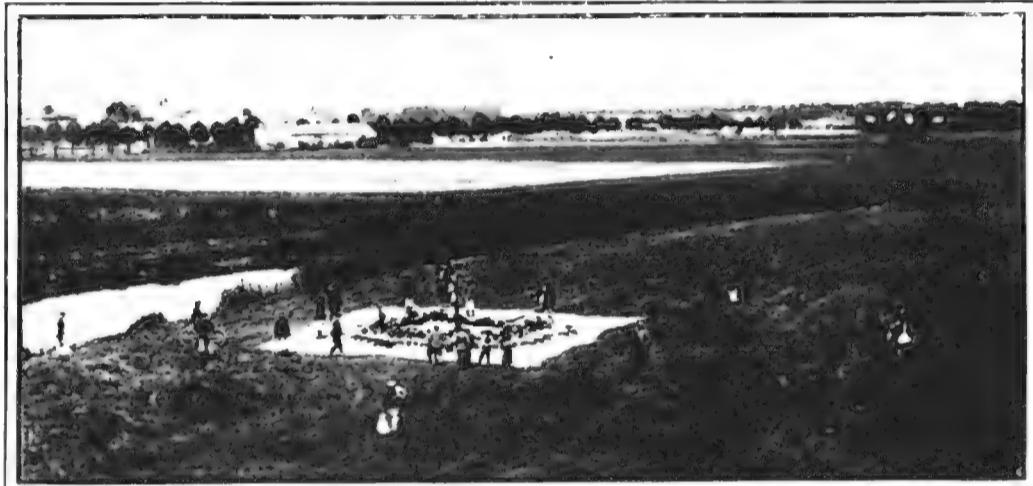
For long before her death Queen Victoria never visited the Opera House or a public theatre. Both the King and Queen Alexandra are devoted to the opera and to plays, and from the close of the Court mourning they will continually be seen at Covent Garden and at the theatres. On every occasion more ceremony will have to be employed than when they attended such entertainments as Prince and Princess of Wales. It is not known yet what alterations will be made at Covent Garden to meet the requirements of the new situation, but it is almost certain that the Royal Box will be enlarged. The managers of the London theatres should communicate with the Lord Chamberlain's Department to learn what changes his Majesty desires to be effected, otherwise they may have to make alterations in a hurry which could have been adopted at leisure.



CENTRE DISH FOR DESSERT SERVICE



SIDE DISHES FOR DESSERT SERVICE

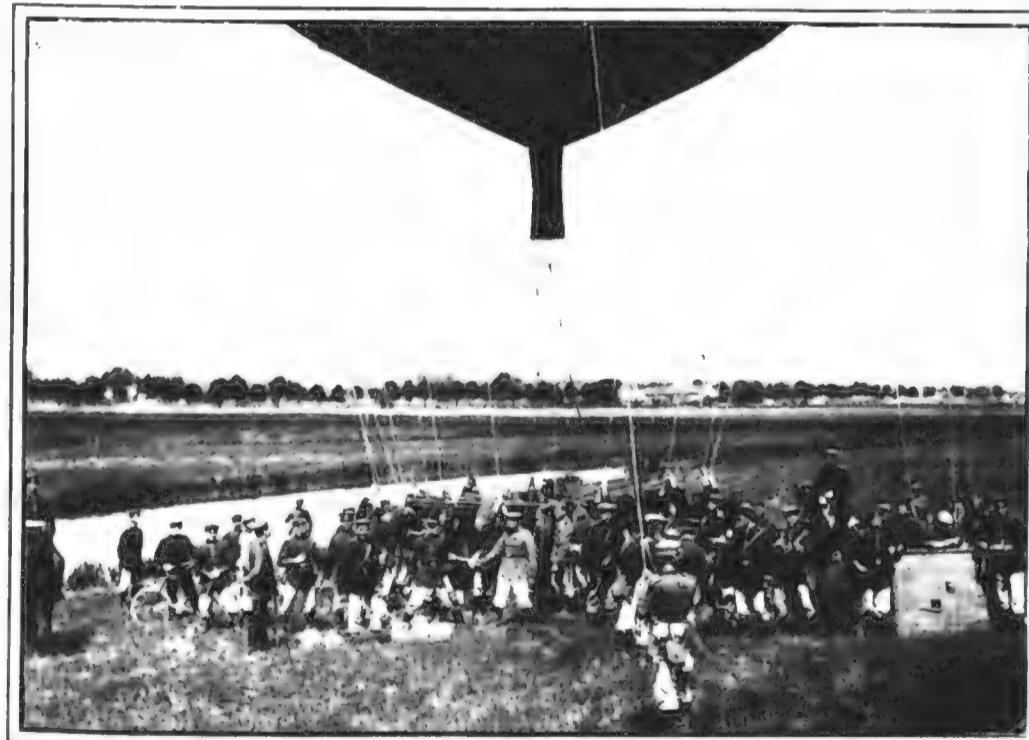


GERMAN MILITARY BALLOONING: THE BALLOON DEFLATED

As regards Ascot and Newmarket, the King has already given the necessary orders, but the Committee of the Metropolitan Cricket Club does not seem to have yet had brought before it any proposal to prepare for their Majesties a Royal pavilion at Lord's. The King and Queen Alexandra have seldom missed the Eton and Harrow match, and they will probably continue the custom. As Prince and Princess of Wales they were contented with a small space, which was corded off, and barely sufficed for the carriage that contained them. The Sovereign cannot attend Lord's in so unceremonious a manner, and, undoubtedly, it will be necessary to erect a suitable pavilion for their convenience.

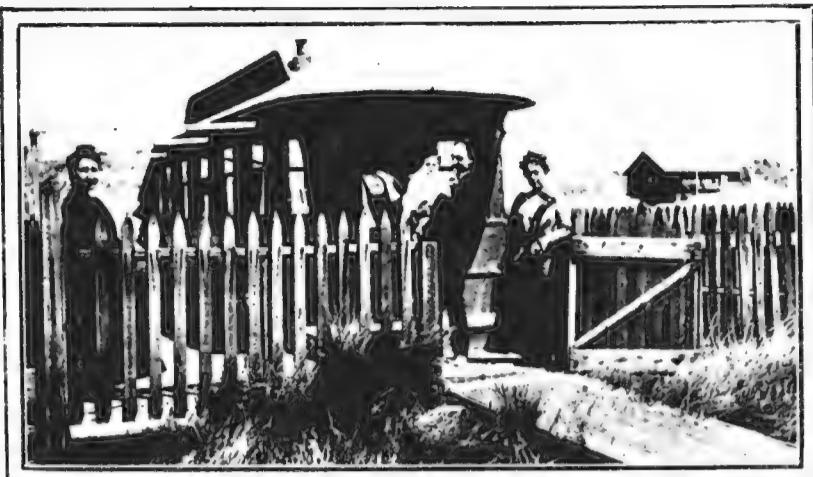
It is generally felt that the committees of those clubs which are in the thoroughfares through which the Coronation procession will pass, should at once make known (1) whether they will entertain ladies; (2) what charges will be made for ladies' tickets; (3) whether members will have to pay for reserved seats. At several clubs it is proposed to charge five pounds for every ladies' ticket, and, at one, the committee has been urged to fix the price at ten guineas. As the decorations and scaffolding will cost much, there can be no doubt that a charge should be made sufficient to cover all such expense, and that, obviously, should mainly fall on those members who desire to occupy more than their fair share of the seats in order to entertain their family or friends.

It is believed that forty thousand visitors from the Colonies will be in London during Coronation week, and already the authorities have been approached to suggest how some of them can be hospitably entertained. That a Colonial ball will be given at the Guildhall can be predicted, but when so many Court and other festivities will be given, one civic entertainment will not count for much. The Colonial Office should open its doors for once, for it has shown but little hospitality as yet in its career. The great reception-rooms at the Foreign Office could be placed by Lord Salisbury at the disposal of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain for the evening, and probably that suggestion will be adopted. Besides, a private subscription ball is being organised for the benefit of a national charity, and it is hoped that the Colonial visitors will thus be enabled to contribute towards the funds of the institution.



The German Army, which has a Balloon Section in its transport corps, has for some years been experimenting with balloons of various shapes. The balloon shown in our photographs is captive, and is intended for reconnoitring an enemy's position. Such a balloon has been used with success by our troops in the present war. Our photographs are by E. Jacobi, Metz.

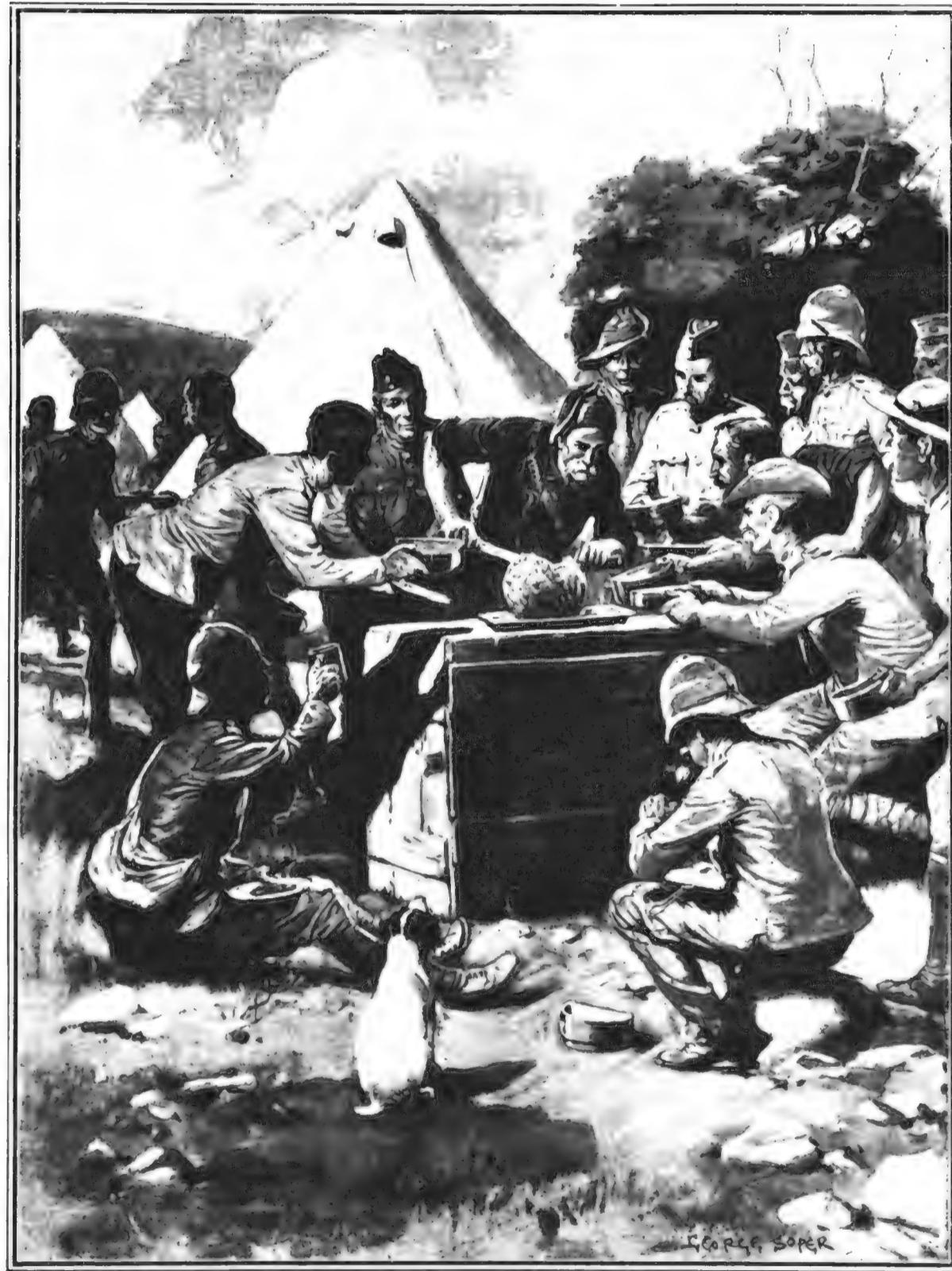
GERMAN MILITARY BALLOONING: HAULING DOWN AFTER EXPERIMENTS



DENIZENS OF CARTOWN OUTSIDE THEIR "HOUSE"



A CORNER OF CARTOWN, NEAR SAN FRANCISCO



It is a time-worn tradition in the Army to keep Christmas Day with due honour. Even though on active service, the men did their best to make the day as like Christmas Day at home as they could. Thanks to kind friends in England, the Christmas puddings were not lacking, a very large supply having been sent out. Without these, it is to be feared, there would have been none, for it would tax the ingenuity of even a military cook to make a Christmas pudding in camp in South Africa.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE FRONT: SERVING OUT THE PUDDING

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

Cartown

CARTOWN is one of the oldest settlements in the United States. It is near San Francisco, and faces the Bay. All the houses are made of old tram-cars or have these cars introduced in the structure. The first settler in Cartown was a poor Italian, who bought a lot on the beach, and having no means with which to construct a home, conceived the idea of using an old street car as a dwelling place. There were hundreds of these old horse-cars which had been discarded by the companies with the introduction of electric traction. They were useless to the companies, which gladly sold one of them for 10 dollars. The Italian established himself in his old car. The idea caught the popular fancy, and presently there was a demand for old cars from people of moderate means. They were used to establish a summer colony on the Bay. Few of the houses in Cartown are permanent residences, but much ingenuity has been displayed in adapting the old cars to temporary uses. Bath-tubs in some are reached by raising a trap in the floor of the car. Platforms are enclosed and made to serve as pantries, or extended and used as piazzas. One woman has eight cars arranged around a court. Some inhabitants have built second stories above their cars, and some have raised their cars to form a second story above a frame structure. Water from the city is piped to the cars. There is a restaurant in Cartown, and many persons from San Francisco spend their evenings amid its quaint dwellings.

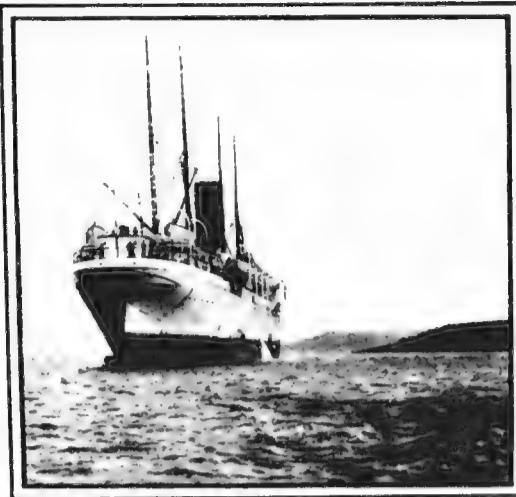
Paris Jottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

The entertainments at the Palais Bourbon have become doubly attractive ever since M. Deschanel took unto himself his charming wife, who is equally popular with the Red revolutionary Socialist wing and the most irreconcileable Monarchist. It is somewhat curious that M. Deschanel's rival for the Presidential chair should be such a complete contrast. The "austere Brisson" as he is commonly called, rarely smiles and never laughs. With a little more of the milk of human kindness his election would be certain. Of M. Brisson's honesty and sterling qualities no one doubts. People doubt them so little that they have got tired of them. If the voting was secret there is but little doubt that M. Brisson would be elected, but as it is a public vote hundreds of members will not find the courage to vote against a man who has been so unvaryingly courteous and amiable as M. Deschanel.

The news of the death of Joseph, the famous maître d'hôtel will be a great blow to the gastronomic world. He had just given up his restaurant in the Rue Marivaux and was going to enter Paillard's restaurant as *chef*. Joseph was one of the last great cooks—the race is dying out with the present generation. Joseph always maintained to me that it was the race of diners that was dying out, the people who know how to order a dinner and to eat it with comprehension and appreciation when it was served. He said if you have the diners you will always have the cooks. But the growth of the *brasserie*, or beer-house, and the *prix fixe* restaurant have killed all that. Brehant's, Bignon's, the Café Riche, Joseph's, and a dozen other great restaurants, have had to close their doors, and the Café Anglais, the Maison d'Or, Voisin's, Paillard's, and the others that remain do not do anything like the business they once did.

Joseph made his *début* at Brehant's, then went, with a salary of 6,000 francs a year, as *chef* to Mr. Vanderbilt. He only remained eighteen months in America, and returned to his beloved Paris and founded a restaurant of his own in the Rue Marivaux. I do not imagine he actually lost money with it, but he certainly did not make as much as he could earn as *chef*, so in a week or two he gave it up and was just about to enter Paillard's, when he died. His favourite hobby was pigeon-breeding. He had an immense loft above his restaurant in the Rue Marivaux filled with splendid specimens.



The Union-Castle steamer *Braemar Castle*, stranded in foggy weather, about one o'clock on Tuesday morning, under Gurnard Head, Isle of Wight. She took the ground about fifty yards from the shore, and was considerably out of her course. A tug conveyed the mails to Southampton at 9.30 a.m., and later in the morning the passengers also were safely landed. The *Braemar Castle* was homeward bound from the Cape with eighty-five passengers. Our photograph is by A. Debenham, Southampton.

A LINER ASHORE IN THE SOLENT

The wail that is coming from the provinces regarding the failure of the wine trade, is getting louder every day, and the Government is being called upon to do something for the afflicted wine-growers. I don't know exactly what the Government is expected to do, but a Frenchman in difficulties always looks to the Powers that be to help him. The crisis in the wine trade is not due to any failure of the vintage; on the contrary, it has been brought about by its abundance for the last two years. There are not barrels enough in France to hold this year's vintage, and good wine can be had at three-pence a gallon. Potin, the famous Paris grocer, is selling it to his customers at twopence a litre, and making a handsome profit at that. The vintage this year is 73,000,000 hectolitres. Of this France consumes only 13,000,000, so that sixty million hectolitres are left on the wine-growers' hands. The Government are doing all they can to develop the alcohol trade by encouraging the construction of automobiles driven by spirits, and of lamps and heating apparatus for which it is used, etc. Something must be done either to stop the over-production or to find a new use for the wine, otherwise it will become a mere drug in the market.

The French Press, which, at the holiday season, has some difficulty of getting matter to fill its columns, has started a discussion regarding the arms of the famous Venus de Milo in the Louvre. The discussion has revealed the fact that a kind of saga has grown up round the famous statue, and that, though it was discovered less than a century ago, nobody seems to know exactly how, and under what conditions, it was discovered. Fifty different versions are

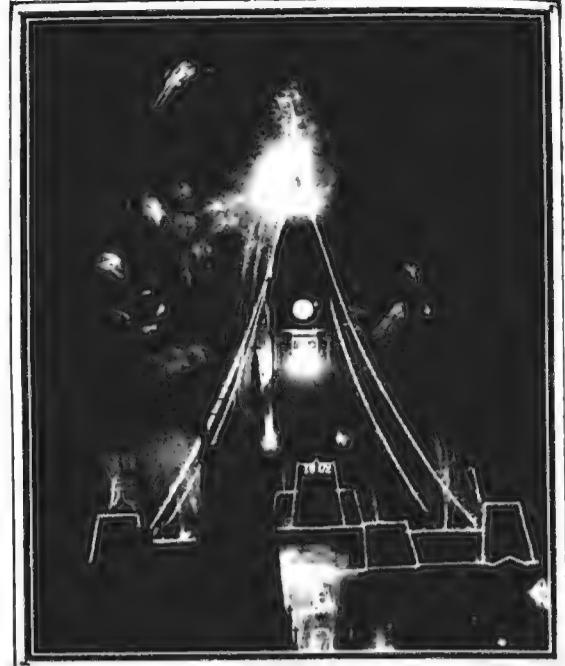
given, and as many accounts of the fashion in which the statue lost its arms. The existence of the statue was first made known to the French Government by M. Brest, French Consul at Milo. When it was brought away and placed in the Louvre, the name of the gentleman in charge of the work of transporting it was placed on the pedestal, but nothing was said of M. Brest's share in the matter. This made him so indignant that he is said to have exclaimed, "I know where the arms of the Venus de Milo are, but I will never tell it to any one;" and he died without revealing the secret. It is curious no one has the slightest idea of how her arms were placed. Over a score of suggested reconstructions have been made and are exhibited in a side gallery in the Louvre. One represents her holding an apple, another bearing a child in her arms, and several artists have represented her as forming part in groups. There is little chance of the problem ever being solved.

Since his great speech on Sunday last M. Waldeck-Rousseau has risen still further in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, who regard him with admiration mixed with astonishment and admiration at his marvellous talents, and astonishment that he has lived so long among them without their having discovered his statesmanlike qualities. One of the things which still further increases the admiration of the crowd is the aristocratic disdain the Premier shows for all the tricks of the ordinary politician. He has always the air of being bored, and speaks and acts with that repose of manner to which people are unaccustomed in France. One of the reasons why M. Waldeck-Rousseau enjoys public confidence to such a degree is due to knowledge that he is not in power for the "loaves and fishes." He left the finest practice at the Paris Bar and an income of 200,000 francs a year to accept the 50,000 francs salary of a French Minister and all the *frustrées* of the position.

The result is that he is perfectly indifferent to whether he remains in power or not, and this is his greatest force. The French are so accustomed to their politicians being "on the make" that a disinterested statesman is as extraordinary as a white crow. There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Opposition, or, rather, that heterogeneous mass of conflicting factions momentarily united in common hatred of the Cabinet which dubs it the Opposition. The pitiless way in which the Premier exposes each in turn rouses them to impotent fury. The Russian visit of M. Loubet, which, it is announced, will precede the elections by a few weeks, will put the finishing touch to the prestige of the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet.

It is seldom the lot of a human being to make a triumphant progress through his native country two thousand years after his death. And yet this has been the fate of Vercingetorix. And what is more curious, that Gallic warrior's excursion has been made in an automobile. There was no other way of transporting M. Bartholdi's colossal statue of Caesar's great enemy to Auvergne, where it is to be erected. On account of the height of the statue, the railway companies could not undertake its transport at least not without raising a dozen bridges several feet.

The De Wet of twenty centuries ago was, therefore, loaded on an immense forty horse-power De Dion transport wagon, and taken off by road. The mounted Gallic warrior looked somewhat



As usual in Philadelphia the New Year was ushered in by a display of fireworks and illuminations. Our illustration shows the City Hall as it was at the stroke of midnight on December 31. The effect was extremely fine. In the streets there was a procession of mummery three miles long. Our photograph is by W. N. Jennings, Philadelphia.

NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS AT PHILADELPHIA

curious when placed on the waggon, and his traversing of the city of Paris excited great curiosity.

Our Supplement

MR. YEAMES'S picture, a reproduction of which we give as our supplement this week, shows the one faithful daughter of old King Lear, who, unspoiled by the fortune which destroyed her sisters, remained a paragon of all the womanly virtues.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman," said the poor old King in his last moments, and Mr. Yeames has endeavoured to conjure up a pleasing presentment of the girl whose worth the King only fully understood when she lay dead in his arms and whose death accelerated the unhinging of a large mind. The Cordelia of our supplement may not be the Cordelia we have seen presented on the stage when Irving and others have enacted the famous tragedy, but no one will deny the simple charm of the picture.



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Our Bookshelf

"THEN AND NOW" *

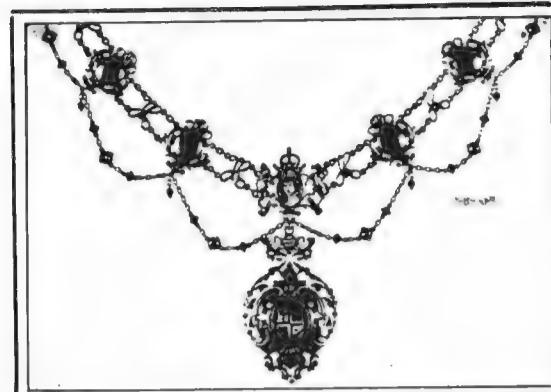
MUCH as Dean Hole has written, we never weary of his books. The present is as bright and chatty as his earlier volumes, and makes most pleasant reading. The writer is not one of those who is continually bemoaning the present, and saying how very much better the world went when he was young. In fact, taking it all in all, he does not appear to think that we have deteriorated in most things. In his first chapter, on "Babies and Children," he is severe on perambulators, which he classes among other items of "national degradation," such as Little Englandism, barbed wire, and pigeon-shooting. Ghosts, too, he says, are no longer that which they have been : they are not Now as Then. They have deteriorated in character and declined in popularity. The Dean, as is well known, is one of the broadest-minded men imaginable. How many of his profession, we wonder, would have the pluck to begin a chapter, "I regard the racing of horses, whether over the flat or the fields, as an enjoyable, harmless, holiday pastime"? He is equally open, or should we say honest, on the subject of teetotalism, or rather temperance, as opposed to total abstinence. It were impossible in a few words to convey to our readers any idea of the profusion of good things to be met with in this volume. There is hardly a subject of any general interest that is not discussed by the venerable writer : "Books Old and New," "The Clergy and Laity," "Locomotion," "Recreation," "Games," "Sports," "Cycling" and numerous other matters. The volume teems with anecdotes, grave and gay, and with appropriate quotations. It is a book, in fact, that can be dipped into at odd times, and always with a certainty of finding something worthy of perusal.

"MEXICO AS I SAW IT" †

Although Mrs. Tweedie makes a point of informing her readers that she started for Mexico *alone*, surely no one ever visited that or any other country under pleasanter auspices. She had not been twenty-four hours in the country before first one, then another, until eventually four different people came to welcome her and to offer her hospitality. And in the end, a great part of her travels were made in a private railway car which was placed at her disposal by its owner. Whatever was worth seeing in Mexico Mrs. Tweedie saw, and she has the happy knack of being able to describe her experiences in an eminently bright and interesting style. In the beginning she spent some days on a cattle ranch, seeing the cattle rounded up, and living more or less the life of a cowboy. Her next experience was that of a horse ranch, of which she gives a most interesting description. Cock-fighting and bull-fighting also came within her ken. She was received and made welcome by General Diaz and his handsome wife, and was made much of by the society of Mexico City. It would be impossible for us to follow the writer through all her travels. She visited the most interesting towns in the country, and also the Aztec ruins, of which she not only gives a picturesque account, but also includes in the volume some capital photographs of these monuments. In fact, the book is profusely illustrated throughout. On her way to Mexico Mrs. Tweedie stayed some few days at Galveston, arriving there just ten weeks

* "Then and Now." By Dean Hole. (Hutchinson.)

† "Mexico as I Saw It." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (Blackett.)



An 18-carat gold chain has been presented to Harrogate for the future Mayresses of the town by Alderman D. Simpson, the present Mayor. The badge bears the arms of the Borough enamelled in proper colours, on an oval cartouche, surrounded by an open border, whilst the central link is an enamelled miniature of Queen Alexandra. The chain is formed of alternate links connected by substantial chains, the larger links containing bosses designed to bear the monogram or names of successive Mayresses. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Queen Victoria Street and Oxford Street, designed and modelled the chain.

PRESENTATION TO HARROGATE

after the tremendous storm, in which the greater part of the town was destroyed and 8,000 of its inhabitants killed. She gives a truly harrowing account of the catastrophe and its results. Even when she was in the town a hundred dead bodies were found. The greatest precautions were taken to prevent a plague supervening, and it was only by cremating the corpses that the authorities succeeded in averting this evil. We warn our readers that they must not expect deep research or great scientific knowledge in Mrs. Tweedie's somewhat lengthy volume; it is just a bright, chatty, and readable account of that lady's travels, and a description of the country and its people as she saw them.

"IN AN UNKNOWN PRISON LAND" *

Mr. Griffith is a powerful writer, and the subject of his volume is admirably suited to his graphic pen. During his eventful journey his experiences were varied—many of them pleasant, most of them disagreeable, though all of them were interesting. After obtaining a permit from the French authorities in Paris, which gave him an entry into the prisons in their penal colony, he set out, by way of America, for New Caledonia. The first of his unpleasant experiences was Chicago. "I have seen many cities in many parts of the world," he says, "but never have I seen a collection of human habitations and workshops so irretrievably ugly as that portion of Chicago about which I wandered during my three hours' wait for the starting of the Overland Limited." He gives also a most realistic description of Chinatown, San Francisco, "that plague-spot in a fair city." On arriving in New Caledonia he found the

* "In an Unknown Prison Land." By George Griffith. (Hutchinson.)

plague raging, but disregarding the advice of his friends, he did not sail away, but remained in the islands to investigate those things I had travelled so far to see. In a valuable chapter on "Convicts and Colonists," Mr. Griffith makes some pertinent remarks on a neighbour's attempt at colonisation. The Frenchman, he says, cannot colonise—particularly in New Caledonia. The first cause of the failure is the Functionary. From the moment that the French leaves his native shore, whether freeman or convict, he is looked after by an official. With the latter it is right enough, but as regards the former—to use the author's words—"such a man walks on crutches all his life, and a colonist on crutches is an entire hopeless, if not a quite impossible, person." The French convicts, at first sight, appear to have a somewhat easy time; they smoke and are even, if well behaved, allowed to drink wine. A few nights after his arrival at Noumea, the writer was taken to a fair the convict hand which played every week in the principal square of the town. The players sauntered up to the hand-stand laughing, joking, smoking cigarettes the while. "That enclosure," he says, "contained an amount of assorted villainy and potential violence, rapine, and sudden death as you could not find the wide world over in a similar space." The *chef d'orchestre* was a man who, a few years ago, sent a thrill of horror through the world, by committing one of the most fiendish murders that has ever been perpetrated. Mr. Griffith, amongst other interesting places, visited, and for a few minutes was even imprisoned in, the terrible *échafauds* of the *Île Nou*. At one time the unfortunate prisoners were shut up in their black cells, where the darkness is so intense that it can be literally felt, for as long as ten years, and were only allowed out for one hour in thirty days. The result of this frightful torture is almost invariably, madness. Yet the same officials who sentence a brother Frenchman to this living death express surprise and something akin to horror at the idea that the lash is still used in our prisons. From beginning to end Mr. Griffith's book is both thrilling and, in parts, amusing; it is well illustrated, and is, in fact, a volume that should not be passed over.

"THE WESSEX OF THOMAS HARDY" *

Admirers of Thomas Hardy's novels will accord a hearty welcome to this well-written, profusely illustrated volume. "Mr. Hardy has annexed unto himself," says the writer, "a small, a relatively small—stretch of country, and has steadily, in novel after novel, proceeded to people it with a new population." He has resuscitated the old half-forgotten kingdom of Wessex. It is through this country that Mr. Windle, assisted by Mr. New, the artist, takes his readers. Making Dorchester, the Casterbridge of the novels, the centre, he traverses different roads, pointing out the villages, houses, etc., each of which is associated with one or other of the novelist's works or characters. Some years ago, Mr. Windle began, as a pastime and a labour of love, to explore Wessex with the object of finding out for himself the localities of the tales. Later he edited a new issue of the *Handhook*. His knowledge of the country is, therefore, great, and in addition, we may add that, in writing these pages he has had the "generous assistance" of Mr. Hardy himself. No stone has been left unturned to render the book as complete and as correct as possible. It does the greatest credit to the author and to the artist, and the lucky possessors of the volume will turn to the tales of Wessex with enhanced pleasure.

The Wessex of Thomas Hardy." By Bertram C. A. Windle. (Lane.)

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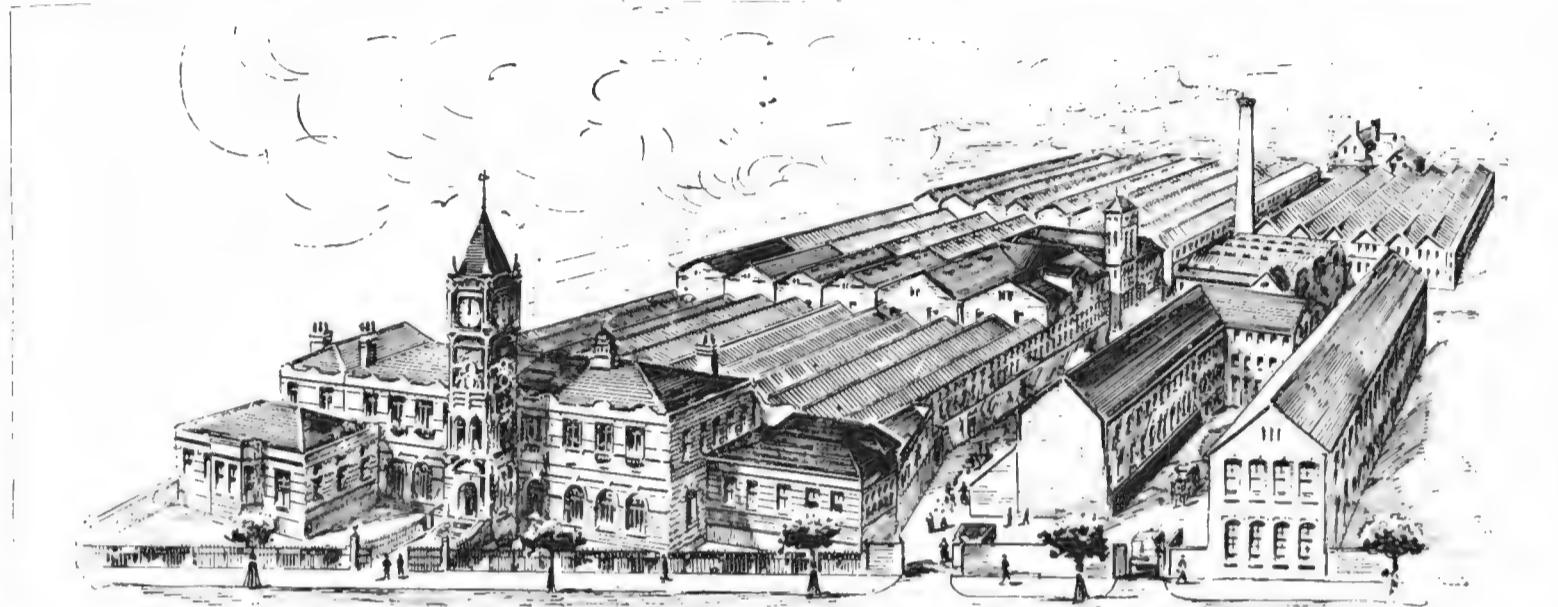


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Music Notes

THE concert season is gradually developing, and this week no fewer than fourteen of such performances were announced, besides upwards of a dozen Sunday concerts. Usually, January is almost a blank month, for amusement-seekers are supposed to devote the whole of their attention to pantomimes, or at any rate to the theatres. Two of the pianists who are to visit us this season have arrived, namely, M. Von Dohnányi, and M. Godowsky, who on Thursday started a series of pianoforte recitals, a portion of his programme being devoted to the music of the Poles and the Russians. The Kruse String Quartet party likewise commenced another season on Thursday, their announced programme including a new quartet for strings by Signor Simonetti, written expressly for this organisation. As to the Sunday concerts, the National League alone was last Sunday responsible for eleven of them, at Queen's Hall, the Alhambra, and various suburban theatres and Town Halls, the programmes in most cases consisting of songs and performances by one or other of our military bands.

Although the Promenade Concerts have since Christmas not drawn quite such large audiences as in the autumn, they, nevertheless, appeal strongly to lovers of orchestral music; for some of the most popular and favourite works of the repertory are being given, under the conductorship of Mr. Wood, with a first-rate band, and at extremely moderate prices, amounting, indeed, if a season ticket be taken, to less than 4/- a night. The programmes are very largely devoted to overtures, an interesting experiment, valuable alike from a musical and educational point of view. There are no novelties of importance, and, indeed, as Europe was, last year, ransacked without much success by Mr. Wood to find new compositions of sterling originality or interest, it is as well to fall back upon some of the older favourites.

The largest concert audience of the week has, beyond doubt, been drawn to the first of the New Year's London Ballad Concerts at Queen's Hall. At Christmas-time ballads seem especially to appeal to amateurs, many of whom, doubtless, are anxious to hear new and old songs, with the idea of increasing their own drawing-room repertory. No new songs were, however, brought out at the last Ballad Concert, although some of the ballads of the autumn, especially Mr. Walthew's pretty Maypole song, "Gay go up and gay go down," were repeated, it being sung by Mr. Ivor Foster. Madame Clara Butt likewise sang, and had to repeat Miss Frances Allisen's setting of Colonel John Hay's lines, "Not quite alone."

M. Von Dohnányi was the principal figure at the Popular Concerts on Saturday. This young player, who at one time was chiefly celebrated for his brilliant performance of works of display,

and particularly those of Hungarian origin, is now developing into a fine classical pianist. His reading of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, although full of modern warmth and feeling, and occasionally an exaggerated tendency towards the rubato, was remarkably fine, the fairy-like Scherzo being played most delicately.

Herr Carl Halir led the quartet, and also played for his solo a movement from Spohr's "Dramatic" Concerto. Miss Olitzka, the clever young contralto from the opera, contributed Italian, German, and English songs.

We have already mentioned the resignation by Dr. Creser the post of organist to the Chapel Royal. In his place has been appointed Mr. Alecock, an old pupil of the National Training School for Music and Sir Frederick Bridge's assistant at Westminster Abbey.

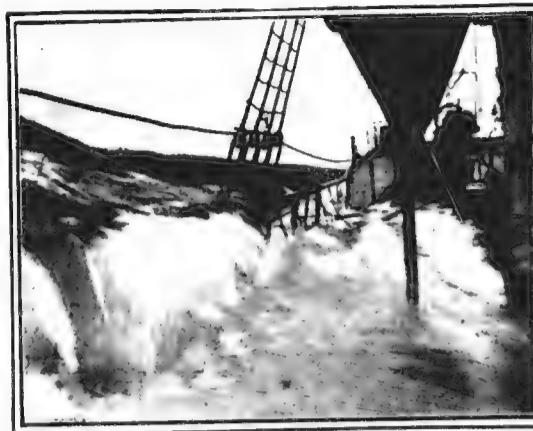
The children of the Princess Henry of Battenberg gave a concert in the Picture Gallery at East Cowes Castle last Saturday in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Fund. Included in the programme was a new March from the pen of the Princess Henry, who is well known as a highly accomplished musician, and who has already appeared before the public for charity both as a composer and as a pianist.

M. Paderewski sailed this week for the United States, where *Manru* will be produced next month, and where also he will give some recitals. He will, probably, be back during the Coronation season, and also arrangements are being made for his appearance at the Bristol Musical Festival in the autumn.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

The first half of January was muggy, damp and depressing. The permeating humidity of the atmosphere was such that woodwork, even in rooms well warmed by a sea-coal fire, gave out a certain amount of clammy moisture. Hunting and football were, of course, possible under these conditions, but the want of good spirits, which a dense and damp-laden atmosphere entails, robbed sport of half its charm. The average country-house party, indeed, only brightened up with the advent of artificial light. The conflict of the warm Gulf Stream with the Arctic currents is the cause of this sort of weather, and Newfoundland, with much the same latitude and position as ourselves, is shrouded from November to March in almost perpetual wet fog. The remarkable circumstance is that England escapes with an average of thirty foggy days every winter, and that the actual fall of rain in London does not exceed twenty-five inches. The farmer, accuséd on tradition of being the most hardened of grumbler, is now about the only cheerful man. His wheat is coming on well, his live stock are costing less than usual to feed, and sheep, if he keeps the early breeds, are dropping their lambs in safety from cold and driving rain. The farmer, however, has to complain of the markets, for the food wants of mankind fall off very appreciably in close, damp weather. The garden is improving, early tulips and snowdrops are up, and in the cool greenhouse Roman hyacinths and the graceful asphodel are now to be seen.



These photographs were taken on board the steamship *Orianda*, of London, on Christmas Eve during a gale. The vessel was bound from Newcastle to Genoa, and experienced very bad weather in the Bay

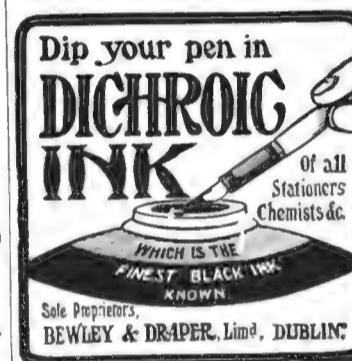
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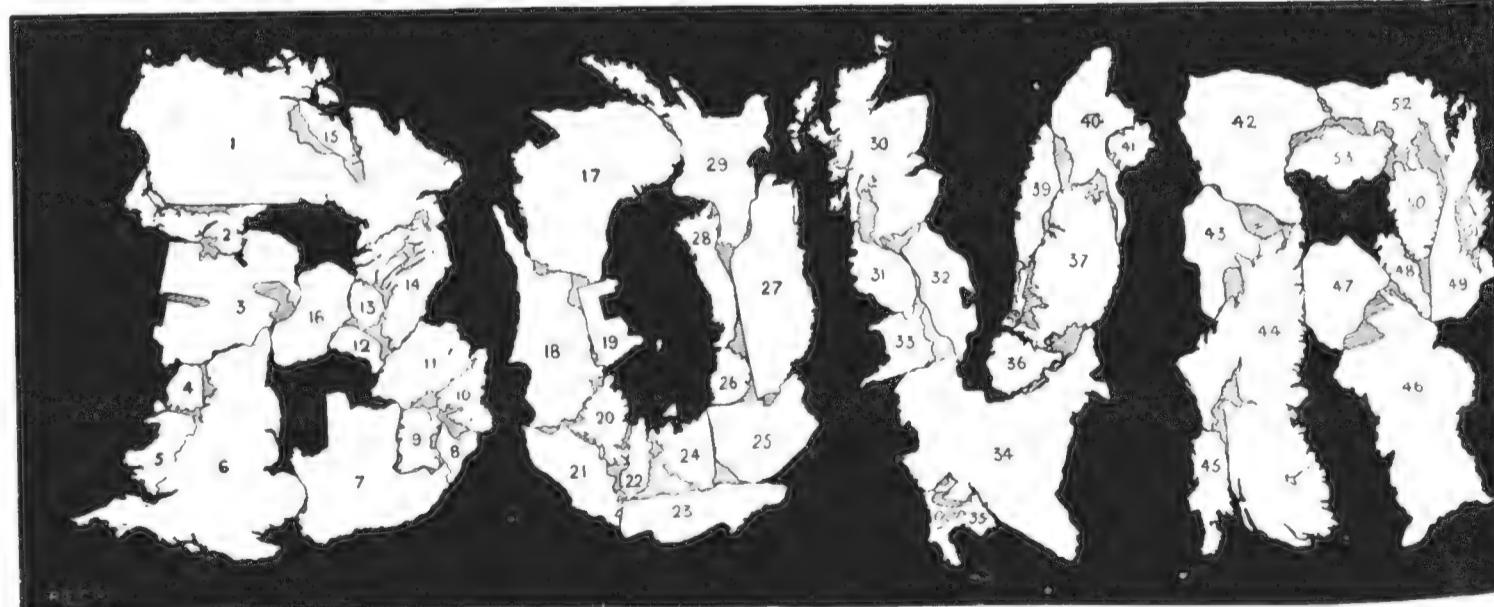
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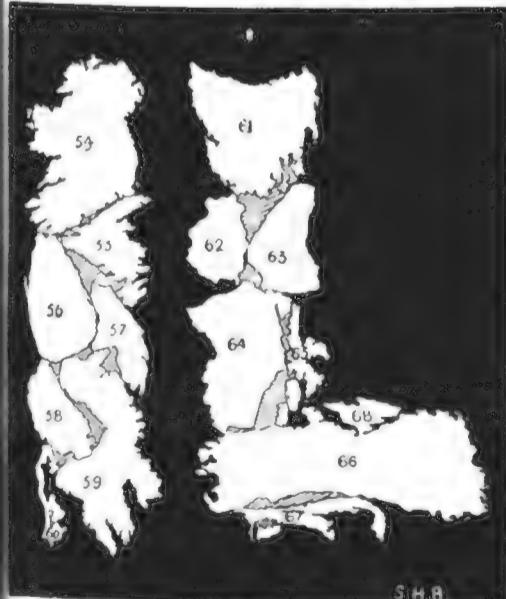
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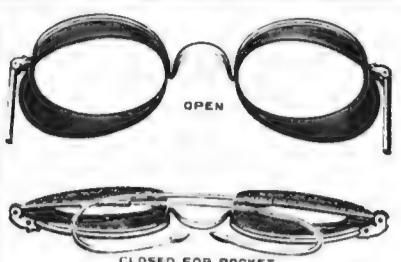
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AN AGRICULTURAL PARTY

The opening of Parliament has attracted the usual attention to agriculture, and the failure of the Government to fulfil its promises last season, particularly over the Beer Bill, has led to serious attempts to organise a country party with independent whips. Little has come of it; the farming interest apparently cannot organise. The result can be forecast: once again agricultural interests will get shelved. In his speech at the Smithfield Dinner the Minister of Agriculture asked in the plainest possible words for a backing. Without it he will not be able to get a hearing from his own colleagues. Of that we may be certain, for the extension of the Cabinet to twenty members means a keen competition within what was once a select body. The Minister who has a compact voting phalanx behind him will inevitably come to the front in such a gathering, while the Minister whose nominal supporters are incapable of concerted action must needs take a minor rôle. It is significant of much in modern England that it is promotion to be removed from the Ministry of Agriculture to the Local Government Board. The one good service that a capable Minister can render even without a backing is to influence other Ministers'

measures, and we trust that Mr. Hanbury will leave his impress on the Education Bill. Thirty-five per cent. of our compulsorily educated children belong to purely rural parishes.

SOME AGRICULTURAL DRAWBACKS

"Large orders are to hand from the Cape for seed potatoes, but the difficulty is in getting them shipped. One line of steamers possesses practically the monopoly of quick carrying of goods to the Cape, and from these cargoes English merchandise has frequently been shut out at the last moment." This extract from a trade circular shows one reason why home agriculture does not prosper. Another is in the slipshod Acts which enable railways to trade as shipowners and to grant through rates for sea-borne and rail-borne goods. The way this works out is in the establishment of preferential rates for foreign over English produce. A third and most serious drawback is in the purchase by the Government of foreign produce for our Army and Navy in preference to English. Almost every farmer feels this as a personal discouragement, and the master is not made any the better by the general sentiment that the Government agents prefer to buy abroad, where they are not

under close scrutiny, and where there is a convenient margin on prices quoted. The greatest of all rural troubles, however, is the inability to get produce quickly and cheaply on to the urban markets. The railways are only to blame where large quantities are concerned, but it is the slow and dear parcels post which keeps small farmers and retail producers of rural supplies out of the town markets.

A NEW BEER BILL

The supporters of the Beer Bill of 1901 have decided, we learn, to reintroduce the measure. The one point that the general public is really interested in is that when they ask for beer they should know what they are getting. The demand is so intrinsically reasonable that the hesitation of the Legislature to grant it argues that vested interests are even stronger than usual in their resistance to the general interest. A hundred years ago a Bill defining beer as malt, hops and water would have had few if any opponents. Why is it so fiercely resisted now, and how is it that the Government after professing sympathy with the proposition, is always compelled, "at the last moment," and "most unexpectedly," to throw it over?



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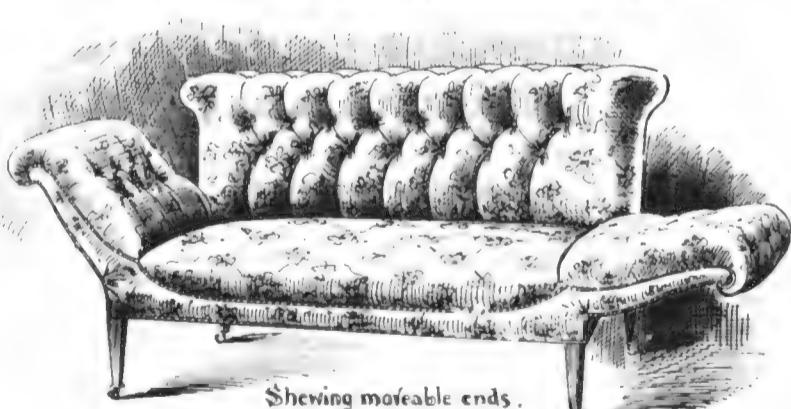
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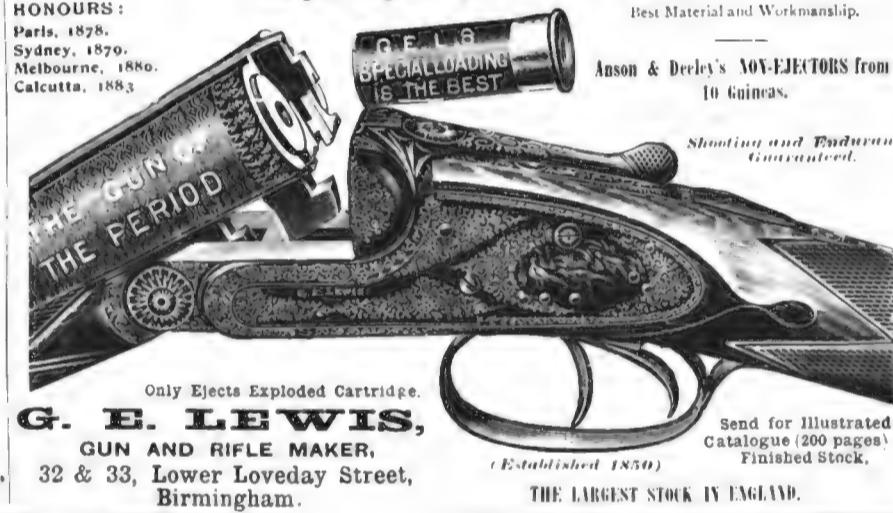
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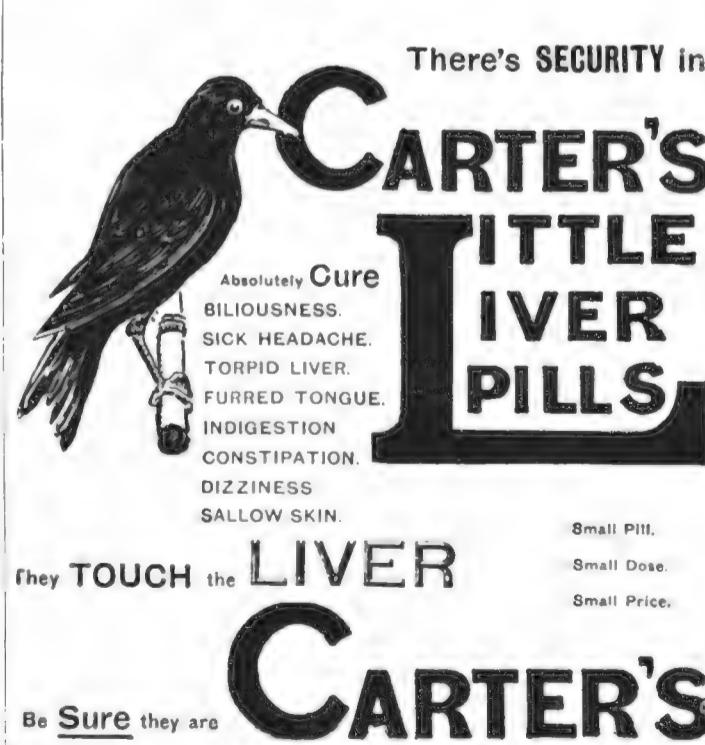
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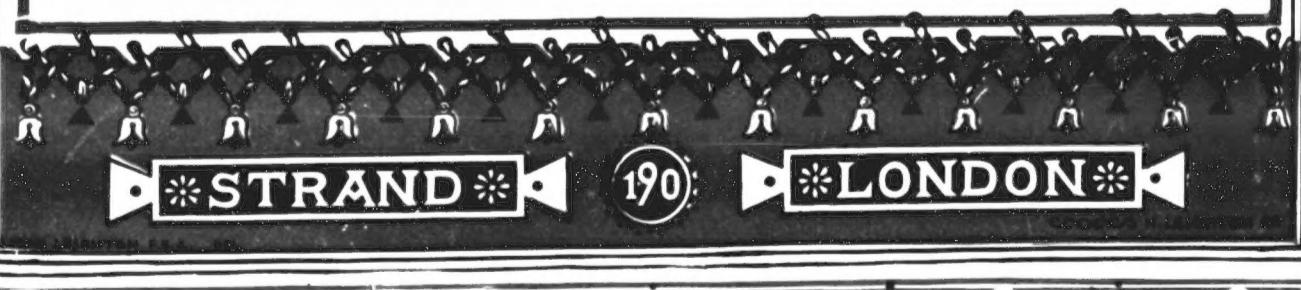
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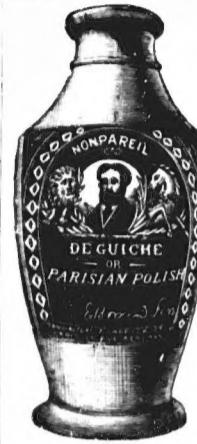
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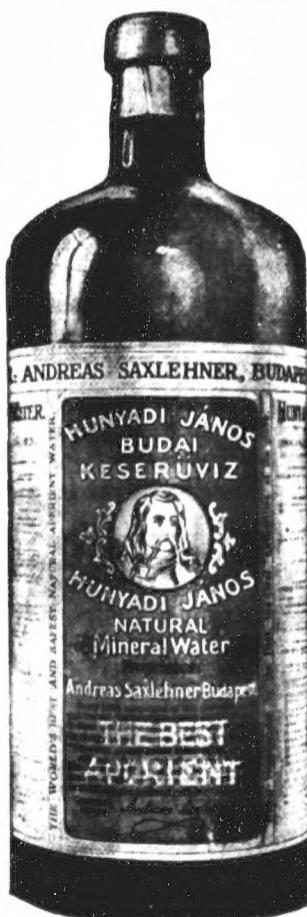
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